

# THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

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## Mr. Carl Rosa on English Opera.

THE success of Mr. Mapleson's season of Italian opera at popular prices is an indication that the future of Opera in this country rests with the middle classes. Even Matthew Arnold must admit that Philistinism is losing its hold on the *bourgeoisie*, and music is the department of culture in which this is most apparent. Year by year the basis of music is broadening. Year by year its influence is spreading. Now, while the middle classes can enjoy Italian opera, they naturally prefer to understand what they hear, and they are not too fashionable to say so. Listen to the conversations among the audience at Covent Garden, and you will hear that while they are grateful to Mr. Mapleson, Signor Lago, and the new Impresario, Mr. Augustus Harris, they pin their faith on Mr. Carl Rosa.

MR. ROSA is hopeful as to the future. In an interesting article in the April number of *Murray's Magazine*, which forms the literary companion to the very business-like prospectus of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, Limited, he maintains that we have ample materials for the permanent establishment of a National Opera. We have numerous theatre-bands which are superior to those of the Continent in facility of reading at sight and in quality of tone—the latter excellence being partly due to their ability to purchase better instruments. English singers are distinguished for a purity of intonation which Mr. Carl Rosa finds strangely lacking even in Germany. They are somewhat deficient from a dramatic point of view, owing to a lack of training. Mr. Rosa has hitherto had to train his artistes himself, but our musical institutions have now begun to include an operatic training in their curriculum. The creditable performance of "The Water-Carrier" last year by the pupils of the Royal College of Music must be regarded as an encouraging sign.

Mr. Rosa speaks with pardonable pride of the group of English composers whom he has introduced to the public. Mackenzie, Goring Thomas, Stanford, and Corder may well be trusted to develop a National School of Opera. Mr. Rosa points out that the operas he has produced were the maiden efforts of their composers, but they will bear comparison with the contemporary work of writers of established reputation abroad.

The artistic is, unfortunately, not the only side of the problem, but the new company should establish the enterprise on a solid financial basis. Mr. Rosa is sagacious enough to recognise how hopeless would be any attempt to obtain such assistance from public authorities as is accorded to the drama on the Continent. It may be because the grapes are too high that he disparages the advantage of such assistance. But it is, no

doubt, quite true that the efforts of subsidised directors are not infrequently hampered by the unintelligent control of the Home Secretaries and the Town Councillors who pay the bills. An Italian impresario has to humour the whims of half-a-dozen committees of Aldermen and Common Councillors, one for the scenery, another for the dresses, a third for the ballet! Our national impresario will probably find his shareholders indisposed to interfere if he can guarantee the continuance of the large profits now announced.

## Staccato.

THE preacher in St. Paul's Cathedral preaches to a few thousands. Last month we had an audience of half a million for our remarks grave and gay. 120,000 copies of the new volume were circulated throughout the country, and we may assume that each copy would be read by four persons. In seeking to make the Magazine more widely known, we desire to promote musical culture among all classes of the community, and in this aim we confidently invite the co-operation of all lovers of music.

IF any intelligent foreigners spent Good Friday in London, they must have been cured of the time-honoured prejudice that we are an unmusical nation. Londoners came in their thousands to the Crystal Palace and the Albert Palace to hear gems from the oratorios. "The Messiah" was given at the Albert Hall, and "Stabat Mater" at St. James's Hall. The Mohawks and the Moore and Burgess Minstrels laid aside their burnt cork and did honour to Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. Even the Theatre Nippon at the Japanese Village was occupied by the Italian Opera Company, who could find no other hall for their sacred concert.

"THE MESSIAH" was to be heard at nearly a dozen halls from South Kensington in the west to Mile End in the east, and from Holloway in the north to Walworth in the south.

IT is gratifying to see that we are not too busy with the production of novelties to remember what we may fairly call our national classic. The oldest concert-goer cannot have the ideal of all that is highest and purest in art kept too prominently before him, and we have, moreover, to think of the young who are year by year growing up to citizenship in the world of music. At every performance of "The Messiah" there must be some beginners to whom the Hallelujah Chorus is a new revelation.

LARGE congregations attended at the numerous churches at which choral works formed part of the service. Dr. Stainer's new passion music "The Crucifixion" was given by as many as four different choirs. The devout behaviour of the worshippers proved that the most ardent

musicians do not forget the distinction between a temple of religion and a concert hall.

THE 4th of April will be a memorable date in the history of music in this country. All honour to Mr. Chappell for his thousand Popular Concerts! May he live to see the completion of the second thousand!

MR. MAPLESON'S success at Covent Garden must have given the star system a heavy blow. With one exception the representatives of the leading parts were but little known, but their efforts were received with approbation—nay, enthusiasm. The one exception is Madame Minnie Hauk, and we may forgive this charming lady even the crime of being a star. Londoners seem to have learned at last that they must do without Adelina Patti if they want Italian Opera. The New-Yorkers are welcome to pay her £1,200 a night if they choose.

"CARMEN" seems to be rivalling if not supplanting "Faust" in the reputation of the most popular opera. The wayward gipsy occupied the boards at a good half-dozen of the thirty performances at Covent Garden, and the house was crowded in every part on each occasion. On the first night there were 300 people standing in the gallery.

THE scenery was generally good, but there was one laughable mistake. The same scene which had done duty for the mountains of Castille in "La Favorita" was turned on to represent Richmond Park in "Martha." Londoners were rather surprised to see a precipitous mountain and a waterfall in the park they know so well!

AGAIN, for the "Anvil Chorus" in "Il Trovatore" a couple of men had been engaged who were certainly efficient blacksmiths but were evidently no musicians. A little less vigour in hammering and a little more strictness in keeping time would not have been amiss.

IT is strange that so many of Mr. Mapleson's *prima donnas* should be Americans. Mesdames Minnie Hauk, Nordica, Engle, Hagtreiter, Nevada, and Gutri all come from the other side of the Atlantic. Even in Italy an American lady (under the fancy name "Annita Alameda") has achieved a success as Amina in "La Sonnambula." It is Puritan New England, of all places, from which the ranks of opera are recruited.

IT is very silly of the English papers to say that the "Golden Legend" was unfavourably criticised in Berlin because the critics were prejudiced. Last summer we were all talking of the Berlin critics as excellent judges—that was, when they praised the "Mikado."

VERDI has no time to write another opera. This is the reason—

I have promised the children of Sant' Agata to write new music for their games, and I must keep my promise with my young friends. It is not so easy as



you might think. Some of the most popular passages in my operas have cost me less trouble than the Doll's song and the Little Soldier, which I have just finished.

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PRAISE has not turned Verdi's head. He has declined in dignified terms an invitation to be present at the first performance of "Otello" in Rome.

From an artistic point of view my presence would be quite unnecessary, and for what other purpose should I come to Rome? To show myself to be applauded? What holds me back is neither modesty nor pride, but a sense of personal dignity which I cannot overcome.

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MM. RITT and Gailhard have been humming and hawing about the production of "Otello" at the Opéra in Paris. In the middle of their humming and hawing Verdi's friend, Muzio, arrived with this decided message—

As I do not find in the company of the Opéra an artiste who comes up to my ideal as a representative of Desdemona, I hereby authorise you in my name to advise the directors that they are to consider the negotiations as to "Otello" at an end.

VERDI.

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OUR contemporary *Le Ménestrel* points out that the play of intrigue in "Otello" is in parts so complicated that the work is better adapted for a smaller theatre, and suggests that M. Carvalho should now secure "Otello" for the Opéra Comique.

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THE encore nuisance again! The audience at St. James's Hall wished to have Samuel's Evening Prayer in "Eli" repeated. As Samuel fell asleep softly murmuring the word "bless," there came volley after volley of applause. Meanwhile the angels, who were ready to sing "No evil shall befall thee," were kept waiting. One felt inclined to say, "Don't wake Samuel."

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WE remember another curious *contretemps* at St. James's Hall. Every concert-goer knows the effect of the long pause after the shout "Hear and answer" in the Baal choruses in "Elijah." It emphasises the terrible silence which follows the frantic appeal of the priests. During this pause we distinctly heard "Pop goes the weasel" from the Moore and Burgess Minstrels through the wall!

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WILL the question of the disposal of Liszt's remains never come to an end? This time it was brought up in the Hungarian House of Commons. The feeling was practically unanimous in favour of the project of translation, but the President, M. Tisza, made an adverse speech.

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M. TISZA contended that Liszt had confused the national music of Hungary with that of the gypsies and had popularised the latter at expense of the former. This seems in itself a legitimate subject for discussion, but there is great indignation throughout Hungary against M. Tisza, who is freely credited with personal motives.

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THERE is an improvement in the words of our songs. But every now and then we come across what Darwinians would call a "reversion." Here is a choice specimen culled, strange to say, from the programme of a Monday Popular Concert—

Oh! Mary dear, that you were here,  
With your bright eyes so bright and clear.  
Oh! Mary dear, come to me soon,  
I am not well while thou art far.  
As sunset to the sphered moon,  
Thou beloved art to me!  
Oh! Mary dear, that you were here.

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Is Mary a lady-doctor that the poet should invoke her when he is not well? It is interest-

ing to note that her bright eyes are bright, and that she answers with impartiality both to "thou" and "you."

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THE prospects of the drama in Scotland appear to be improving. The well-known actor, Mr. Walter Bentley, recently gave a "dramatic and musical recital" at Airdrie in aid of the funds of the Greengairs Church. At the close of the entertainment, over which Sheriff Mair presided, a vote of thanks to Mr. Bentley was proposed by the Rev. McGavin Boyd, who remarked that a new era had been entered upon in the relations of the church and the stage in Scotland. We should think so indeed!

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DIVIDENDS are not the sole aim of the National Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.

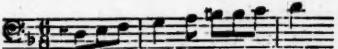
All is modern, yet in its purpose the Olympia of Kensington is associated with its immortal prototype of long past days. To provide rational, healthy amusement for the people; to reinvigorate by brilliant demonstrations the natural love of athletic exercise and contests of skill, and thereby contribute to the spread of physical beauty and strength; to raise the tone of popular taste by entertainments and displays which, while affording genuine amusement for young and old, shall be of the purest and highest character; to educate the masses—ay, and even the "classes"—up to a higher point by exhibitions of art, science, and industry; to provide, in fact, a constant supply of means of diversion, instruction, and culture for every class of the community. These are the objects of Olympia, as they were, in different form and different degree, of the Olympia of the Greeks.

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THIS is the key-note struck in an interesting brochure of quaint form which emanates from Olympia. Sport, athletics, art, and music are all represented. The brochure is pleasantly illustrated with ancient outlines and modern sketches, and the impression of the whole is summed up in a somewhat grandiloquent Ode by W. A. Barrett, set to music by Alfred J. Caldicott.

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IN this Ode Mr. Caldicott falls into the Dorian scale,



as he makes his baritone solo tell us how "the Theban historian in dialect Dorian, related the charms of Olympian exploits." There is a skilful transition to the modern scale as the chorus proclaims that "Modern culture fully shames the triumph of the Grecian games," and the melody of "God Save the Queen" is ingeniously interwoven with the massive chords of the conclusion.

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THE bell of Breslau has not long survived the five-hundredth anniversary of its casting. At daybreak on the 2nd March it ushered in the ninetieth birthday of the Kaiser; that night it lay shattered on the ground. The loyal citizens gathered at nightfall round the lofty spire of the church of St. Mary Magdalene, which was lit up with fireworks in honour of the day. They were proud of their Emperor, proud of their city, proud of their church, and proud of their bell. But their delight was soon changed to consternation when they saw that the woodwork had ignited. All that human strength and skill could do, was done. But fire proved the master, and in a few hours the tower in which the famous bell had swung for five hundred years, fell with a terrible crash on the pavement beneath. We noticed the five-hundredth centenary of the casting of the bell last October, and we then told the romantic story of the founder and his apprentice.

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THE leader of the *claque* at Vienna has been sued for income-tax, and the Austrian Courts have decided that he is liable. Will he have to

show his books in future to the local surveyor for taxes?

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IT was a graceful offer of Alboni to take part in the Mass at the interment of Rossini's remains in Florence. She gained fame in the operas of Rossini in her youth, and now at the age of sixty-three, she comes forward to do him honour. But it seems that women may not sing in the church of Santa Croce, and her offer was declined.

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WE notice the following advertisement in the *Colchester Chronicle* for the 9th April—

#### WANTED—A NAME.

MR. A. MONTAGUE COOPER, the well-known Pianist, has composed a new Dance, and before publishing in London offers a PRIZE of £10 to the person sending him the most "taking" Title for same before April 20th. He will send a specimen copy of the music, which has been properly engraved, on receiving Post Order for One Shilling.—Address, 30, Mornington-road, London, N.W.

Ingenious, is it not?

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THE band of the Garde Republicaine was invited to Moscow by the Municipality last January. Now it is announced that the German orchestra at the Pawlowski Garden, near St. Petersburg, have been sent about their business. Their place will be taken by an orchestra of Russians and Frenchmen under the direction of M. Albert Vizentini.

## London Saturday Evening Concerts.

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[The object of these concerts is to produce the best class of music rendered by the best artists at a moderate charge of admission.]

The first of the above concerts will be given on Saturday evening, the 14th of May, at St. James's Hall. Mr. W. A. Houston Collisson, Mus.B., deserves every success in his new venture, not only on account of the brilliant assemblage of artists he has engaged to appear, and the character of the music which will be rendered, but also for moderate charges. A subscription of half-a-guinea gives a reserved and numbered seat to the series of three concerts.

Mr. Collisson's musical attainments are of a high and remarkably varied character. He is a talented conductor. His compositions, some few of which have appeared, are graceful in conception and bear the stamp of originality and power. He is an excellent pianist, and almost unrivalled as an accompanist.

As an impresario Mr. Collisson has been most successful. Some two years ago he started the Dublin Popular Concerts at the one-shilling admission scale, and during this last season his average audience has amounted to no less than 3,700. We draw attention to the announcement on the leaflet facing our Music Supplement. At each of the St. James's Hall concerts conducted by him will be performed an instrumental trio, a sonata for violin or pianoforte, some five or six songs by such writers as Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Bennett, Dvorak, Mackenzie, Thomas, Sullivan, Gounod, &c.; also some good concerted music. We hope at a later date to give some account of what Mr. Collisson has done for the cause of musical education in Dublin.

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## The Thousandth Popular Concert.

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**B**Y twelve o'clock on the morning of that eventful Monday a small crowd of musical enthusiasts had assembled at the doors of St. James's Hall, prepared to wait through the eight weary hours that must be passed before the commencement of the concert. As the afternoon dragged on, the crowd grew and grew—and happy those who had provided themselves with sandwiches or other refreshment to sustain the body until the mighty banquet of the soul that evening was brought to table! Hour by hour went by, the watchers at the gate still bravely kept their stand, and then at last the portals were opened, and a rush that filled every unreserved seat gave the final triumph to those who had been content to "only stand and wait." Who will say, too, when the concert began, their pleasure was not all the greater for their brave patience throughout that long, cold, April afternoon? Better, assuredly, such waiting, than the martyrdom so many shivering ladies are willing to endure in waiting for some idle Court function, or that men eagerly accept on the chance of hearing some horrible case at the Old Bailey!

Can anyone explain the magic of numbers? Why should seven be more significant than six, fifty than forty, one hundred than ninety, one thousand than nine hundred? However it may be, the significance exists, and Mr. Arthur Chappell had full reason to be proud of the glory that came to him on that 4th of April, the last and most memorable of the Popular Concerts of the season.

Of the concert itself, mention will be made in another column, and we need here only allude to the almost "family feeling" that seemed to prevail that evening. There were many present who had seen Mme. Schumann in the earlier days when she was engaged in battling for recognition of her husband's music, then too often condemned as dull, diffuse, and without the touch of genius, quotha! (in parenthesis, be it said that musical critics have often deserved to do penance on the meagrest fare, and with scantiest penitential raiment for their egregious blunders in this matter of "judging genius.") Joachim, also, slim and shy-looking, with close shaven face, had played to them some decades ago, and they rejoiced in recognising the same perfect art and self-effacement in the great fiddler, now of ampler form, and wearing a beard hiding the sensitive lines of the mouth that once might have been noted. And Piatti—his hair is grey enough, and his form may be less erect than it once was, but we feel that he, perhaps most of all, is identified with these concerts, and they from the very first have been identified with him. And there are others, too—Ries, so admirably filling the part of second violin, and himself a link, as it were, through his uncle, with Beethoven, most honoured of all at these concerts. Straus, in the first rank of violinists, though without claim to those qualities that make a celebrity, and Mme. Norman-Néruda, on whom the years that have passed by since we first heard her seem to have left no mark, save in giving a sweeter grace to her bearing, so well befitting the queen of lady violinists, and a more perfect finish to her style, so pure and so refined.

The audience also is a remarkable one. Nowhere do out-and-out enthusiasts congregate in such numbers as at the Popular Concerts. See

them filling the orchestra immediately above the platform, partly seated and partly compelled to stand—a place where George Eliot, in one of her letters, speaks of her delight in going to "in a bonnet"—a position not very comfortable, but the best of all for hearing; many have the score in hand, closely following the music, all are intently drinking it in, and when at last the quartet is over, and the players slowly file off the platform, the rounds of applause have no perfunctory ring about them, but are a genuine *feu de joie* from those battalions of volunteers. In the stalls, the crowd is hardly less appreciative, though less given to the demonstrative. There is a large German and Hebrew element to be traced here, as indeed at all artistic gatherings in London, and there can be no doubt that we owe a great debt to our Teutonic friends—naturally of more keen artistic sense, educated in a land where music is an everyday necessity—who by supporting these, and other concerts, have helped us to the enjoyment of the best music. You see here many good *pères* and *mères familiars*, with a tribe of daughters, all accustomed to dutifully hammer the piano at home, and brought here to acquire musical taste, and to pick up, if possible, something of the style of the artists on the platform! They try to like it all, and indeed persuade themselves that they do, but this is not quite certain. Papa is often placidly dreaming about that new loan on the Stock Exchange, that case to come on to-morrow morning in the Law Courts, or those tenants in the country who are now always behindhand with their rents; Mamma has her little thoughts about the party next Wednesday, and is making a mental note of Mrs. —'s head-dress in front to be imitated in the future; and the girls are trying to listen, but often wondering what the music all means, and how long it will last? Still, they gain some good after all. The music filters into them somehow or other, and after a few seasons' attendance these good stolid Britons are able actually to enjoy a Rasoumowsky quartet, and to think Haydn's music just a trifle too simple and primitive! But one little weakness they will never lose—their fondness for *solo*s, vocal or instrumental. They persist in recalling the singer or pianist; indeed, the encore of the piano piece at the end of the first part of the Monday concert is now almost an established thing. *Tours de force* of any kind they will also always delight in, and Bottesini gives them quite as much pleasure as Joachim. Still, as we have said, they have learnt to appreciate music that but for these concerts they would never have known of; and for this, most sincerely, *gratias agimus*.

Of the majority of those present—especially of the ladies, who flock to the Saturday Afternoon Concerts—it may be safely said that they possess some acquaintance with music. And even after fully taking into account the cases of imperfect sympathy already referred to, it may be confidently asserted that no more musically-cultivated audience can be found in Great Britain than the one Mr. Chappell has succeeded in attracting to these Popular Concerts. Of course it goes without saying that the musical critics, usually to be seen in a cluster on the right hand side of the hall—Mr. Joseph Bennett, of the *Telegraph*; Dr. Hueffer, of the *Times*; Mr. Desmond Ryan, of the *Standard*; Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Betts, of the *Daily News*; Mr. Barrett, of the *Morning Post*; Mr. Hersee, of the *Globe*; and many others representing weekly and monthly papers and magazines—find a welcome relief in these classical concerts from the sillinesses of so many ordinary ones, benefit, ballad, or operatic.

The way in which these Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts came by their name, and

kept it, is a curious instance of the fortuitous in human affairs, or—to put it in plainer words—of the accidental. Some may think they are called Popular on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for they are as far removed as possible from our ordinary ideas of the popular; and others, more shrewdly, may consider that—like the *Fortnightly Review*, which appears once a month—there was at some period a strange twisting of the fortunes of this institution which, while continuing its existence, did so by an entire change in the plan of campaign first adopted. And the latter supposition approaches very nearly to the actual fact, as will be seen from the succinct historical sketch of these concerts which we shall now attempt to give. Prosperous chamber-concerts, like prosperous countries, have but little history of the more exciting kind; a shrewd entrepreneur, like Mr. Arthur Chappell, when he secures artists of exceptional merit, has the wit to keep them—and we have no revolutions, no *coup d'état*, no tremendous ups and downs of fortune, no blood-thirsty rivalries to chronicle of those who so long have placidly occupied the seats in that choice circle of Mr. Chappell's Olympus at St. James's Hall. Strange to say, the fiery disputes which have raged everywhere else in the musical world do not seem to have had power to penetrate or make their influence known within that charmed circle, and it may almost be said that Wagner and Liszt might never have existed for any special effect they have produced in the ordering of these concerts!

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St. James's Hall was first opened in the year 1858, Messrs. Chappell, the music publishers, holding a large stake as shareholders in the undertaking. At first, concert-goers would not go near the new *locale*. The great hall stood empty, and it was really more from the desire to put it to some use and familiarise the public with it than from any loftier motive that Messrs. Chappell, assisted by Julius Benedict, decided to give a series of concerts there under the title of the "Monday Popular Concerts." Three of these took place in 1858, with the result of a small profit being made. The programmes then were of the approved "Popular" stamp—plenty of songs, show-pieces of one sort and another—the whole carefully designed to "tickle the ears of the groundlings." This is how, as recounted in the careful sketch given in the programme book of the 1,000th concert, the lucky idea was first conceived and the future brilliant course of these concerts was determined on.

One memorable evening Mr. Davison encountered Mr. Arthur Chappell in St. James's Hall, and said, "Why don't you make these concerts classical, and perform chamber music only?" The director modestly protested that he had little knowledge of such artwork. "That," replied the great critic, "is not necessary," and proceeded to unfold his plan. The seed thus sown fell upon good ground. Mr. Arthur Chappell talked the matter over with his brother, and the two, little suspecting the importance of their act, determined to give the suggestion a trial. Mr. Davison, on his part, undertook to annotate the programmes, and, on February 14, 1859, the new Monday Popular Concerts started with a series of six entertainments. There was no change in name; mayhap because of faith that, in the end, the original title would become perfectly appropriate.

At first the outlines of these concerts were not so severely classical as they are now. The vocal pieces numbered usually three in each part instead of one, as at present, and a favourite plan was to devote special nights to the works of some one composer—thus, for instance, the programme of the first real "Monday Pop." was framed as follows:—all the works, including eight vocal pieces, which were sung by Miss Stabbach, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper,

and Mr. Santley, being Mendelssohn's. Prelude and Fugue in C minor, Fugue in B flat, played on the organ by Mr. E. J. Hopkins; String Quintet in B flat, Quartet in D, Sonata in F minor for piano and violin, and Theme with variations in D for piano and cello, the performers being MM. Wienawski, Ries, Doyle, Schröders, Piatti, and Benedict, of whom Messrs. Ries, Doyle, and Piatti still survive. In the second series, April to June, 1859, satisfactory progress was made, and it should be noted that Herr Joachim then first appeared on May 16. Mr. Carrodus's name is also to be seen in the programmes of this season.

The fortunes of the new enterprise were now secured, and when the hundredth concert took place near the end of the fourth season, on July 7th, 1862, we read that, according to the *Times*, more than 1,000 persons were turned away for want of room.

On March 6, 1865, the Saturday Concerts first began, and here again something of the accidental came in, for they were started mainly for the purpose of utilising Herr Joachim for the remainder of the season (he being engaged at a salary), and with little idea that the Saturday Concerts would become as famous as, and perhaps even more crowded than, the others. On May 15, 1865, Mme. Schumann made her first appearance here, the programme being entirely made up of her late husband's compositions. At this time, Mme. Arabella Goddard (wife of Mr. J. W. Davison) and Mr. Charles Hallé were the principal pianoforte performers, and Mr. Julius Benedict conducted, *i.e.*, played accompaniments, the quartet party being then the same as it is now, except that Mr. Blagrove held the place now filled by Herr Strauss or Herr Hollander. Mme. Norman-Néruda joined the ranks, of which she has ever since been so distinguished an ornament, about this time. From this time forward there is little history, save in the mention of a few names of illustrious artistes who have appeared, and the introduction (very cautiously made) of works by new composers of approved merit, to record. Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, great both as composer and pianist, and Dr. Hans von Bülow, so well known in the latter capacity, appeared during the fifth century of the concerts, and Herr Wilhelmy and Mme. Essipoff were first heard there in 1875. We find the name of Rubinstein as a composer for the time in 1873; of Brahms, in 1867; of Raff, in 1874; of Dvorák, in 1880; and of Mackenzie, in 1881; and, in later days, Hubert Parry and Villiers Stanford have had the honour of hearing their works performed there. And thus we are brought to the 100th Popular Concert, of which no one of the croaking tribe can possibly say—as of so many other institutions famous in their time—"Ah, nothing like what they used to be, I assure you! You ought to have been there in—!"

And why have these concerts gained and kept the unique position they hold? First, because of the unvarying excellence of the artists engaged (at least, in the concerted music, for some of the vocalists have occasionally been, to put it mildly, "experiments") and of the works performed. Mr. Chappell has always directed with a firm hand, and he has never gone in for novelty merely for novelty's sake. In this way, there has been a continuity of tradition in these concerts that goes far to explain their excellence. Secondly, the prices charged for admission have been sufficiently moderate to allow music-lovers of almost every degree in social life to attend them. In this way, the stupid exclusiveness, ruinous to art, that mars some other musical ventures we might mention (frequently requiring fresh guarantees and exhibiting piteous balance-sheets), has been avoided. Thirdly, the generally well-written analytic descriptions in the programme books have greatly contributed to the intelligent interest of the audiences.

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We have thus assisted at the One-Thousandth Popular Concert, and joined in the hearty plaudits so well merited by Mr. Chappell. May the Popular Concerts go on prospering and to prosper, with the same director to guide their fortunes as at present, and with an unchanging policy—the best music and the best artists!

J. J. B.

## Musical Vignettes.

### VI.—AT THE WINTER GARDENS.

By Rev. H. R. HAWES, M.A.,  
*Author of "Music and Morals."*

**E**NTER Cousin Phoenix, in one of his hilariously subdued moods.

"A little surprise, my dear friends," says he, with a glance at Aurelia, who has just come down muffled up in warm furs. (We are all ready to start on foot for the Winter Garden Concert, the snow lying hard on the ground, and the December moon as bright as steel.)

"You nice cousin Phoenix," says the young lady, with that sort of petting patronage which girls of seventeen bestow upon very elderly beaux whom they amiably encourage as being harmless because quite out of the running. "You nice, good Phoenix; you are always full of surprises. What is it now?"

We were all thinking of one thing that evening—the "Amateur Vintner," *alias* the new violinist, who was to make his appearance under Monasterio's *baton* in an hour or so.

"Quick, tell us; what is it now?" urged the young girl.

"Sartoris, of course," came from the lips of Alexis.

"Why of course, sir? Pray why of course?" cuts in Phoenix, tapping his Lablache snuff-box. Then with a deliberate pinch, which seemed to restore him to equanimity, "Sartoris, sir? Well, you're right, Sartoris is the word."

"What about Sartoris?" I asked, a little curiously.

"Listen. You know he and his mother are new comers, and as they are known to be cultivated, a good many people called on them, and, as they are supposed to be rich, a good many more are inclined to call; but it's pretty certain that they are not so responsive as might be."

"Well?"

"Wait a bit; don't be in a hurry. Turning over an old box the other day I came across the daguerrotype of a young man labelled 'Roberto Sartoris,' that carried me back a good many years—never mind how many—a man, Miss Aurelia, is no older than he looks!"

"No, not even so old," said Aurelia, a little archly.

"I don't mind how old you think I look," replied the ready Phoenix, parrying the artful thrust, and making a bow, "for in your presence the oldest of us feel young again."

"Really, Alexis," I said, taking Phoenix by the arm (he was already beginning to adjust Aurelia's fur cloak, which had half slipped off her pretty shoulders), "we must stop this, and bring him back to Sartoris."

"Well, well, you impatient youngsters, here you are then. That daguerrotype was given to me by the father of young Sartoris. I was of use to him once. We met in Florence, became intimate at Venice, where he fell in love with an English girl. Course of true love, you know, Miss Aurelia, and so on. As usual, friend wanted—letters, &c.—and some one to play—"

"Gooseberry?" suggested Aurelia, demurely.

"Second fiddle—yes—fiddle's the word. Papa Sartoris fiddled—not like his son, young Sartoris—chip of the old block—I believe you—but papa knew more about vintages than violins. Son knows more about violins than vintages. I recollect one night in a gondola—out on the lagunes about sunset, within a stone's cast of the Lido—we were—when we passed another gondola quickly. Sartoris sprang up—she—"

"Good Phoenix," I said, "we are burning to

know about your surprise to-night. It's time to start—tell us as you go along," and we all sallied forth into the clear sparkling snow. Our feet fell silently on the hard white surface, and we allowed Phoenix to ramble on in his own way.

"The photo—yes—that was my introduction to these Sartoris people. Madame Julia remembered me before I showed her the portrait of Roberto Sartoris. Her name in those days was Julia Shenstone—a splendid girl, Miss Aurelia—straight as a dart, tall, fresh colour, dazzling complexion, black hair, eyebrows and lashes that—no matter—and eyes—ah, well, less matter now. They did for Roberto mio. He raved—he—ah—well—swore—in Italian of course, and only by the Pagan gods. He even fought a duel, and I—I was his second."

"Oh, fie! fie!" exclaimed we, with mock indignation."

"Did he kill anyone, and was she worth it?" put in Aurelia, with feminine sentiment.

"Worth it? She was splendid—sumptuous. I could have fought him myself. That's partly why I stood his second—second fiddle again. Next best thing, I thought, to playing principal."

"And how did it end?"

"Ended uncommonly well."

"Swords or pistols?"

"Pistols, and no mistake—real business."

"How did you manage?"

"Why, you see, I did not want Roberto shot, and the Count's second didn't want his friend shot; so we two seconds arranged it."

"What! they never stood up, then, after all! We said, 'growing blood-thirsty.'"

"Stood up? I believe you."

"Didn't fire?"

"Fire? I believe you."

"Fall?"

"Not exactly. Fact is, we seconds had—well—drawn the bullets. Both fired; both thought they'd missed. We two then rushed in, declared the claims of honour satisfied; and as the Count was not really so hot on Julia as his rival Roberto, he let her glide, and the best of the joke was that neither suspected the *ruse* till after the marriage. Can you imagine now why, when I called with Roberto's old portrait as my card of introduction, Mdlle. Julia received me with tears and effusion, and would hardly let me go, presenting me to Edgardo Sartoris as his father's devoted friend."

"And so you mean you propose to introduce us to young Sartoris to-night?"

"More than that. You must all do me the honour of supping at my bachelor's quarters after the concert. Mrs. Sartoris excuses herself on account of the cold, but my married sister will do the honours, and we can all chaperone Miss Aurelia. What do you say?"

There was nothing much to be said. Nothing could have pleased us better. We were all curious about Sartoris, and no more delightful host than Phoenix could have been found."

"What a crowd there seems to be at the turnstile?" remarked Alexis, as we approached the entrance of the Winter Gardens.

"I warrant you we shall have a scene to-night," said Phoenix. "Monasterio told me that Sartoris, who was so composed at the first rehearsal, seemed oddly nervous this morning—he could not make him out. I think Monasterio is a little anxious himself."

"It is fortunate," said Alexis, as we entered the hall, "that we have good reserved seats. Do you see there is already scarce standing-room."

The hall was well lighted, and felt warm and cheerful enough after the chilly, bracing atmosphere.

sphere of the winter's night. The orchestra, just beginning to assemble, occupied a sort of alcove with a raised platform, flanked on either side with tall evergreens and a few hothouse flowers.

We sat about six rows down. Aurelia was between me and Phoenix. She soon threw off her fur cloak and looked radiant, a bright flush in her cheeks, a reaction from the cold air exercise, the feathery reddish-blond hair breaking in a silken cloud from beneath her hat. She was all animation and expectation, as indeed most of us were, for the famous Walkuren tutti had to be repeated and the Scotch Symphony given, besides Mendelssohn's violin concerto.

I looked round; I had never seen the concert-hall so full. Presently, the band being all seated, Monasterio came on, and was greeted with a burst of applause. He kept bowing very low, and at last shook his head, with his hand placed on his heart, and turning half-round, waved self-deprecatingly towards the band, whereupon the plaudits were redoubled. Evidently there was something about the conductor that had taken this not very tractable sea-side public.

Then, amidst silence, the baton was raised, and the first notes of the Scotch Symphony sounded forth. Everything went swimmingly. Attempts to encore some of the movements were promptly suppressed by the conductor, and a very brilliant performance of the Symphony was followed by the appearance of the two pretty Misses Melrose—the rector's daughters—a blonde and a brunette, contralto and soprano—rather nervous, with very fair voices, and correct intonation; so Rubinstein's lovely duett, being very easy, sounded very well, and a little want of style was made up for by a pretty shyness and some very natural blushes, which seemed to make the bright eyes sparkle doubly, and, on the whole, pleased the audience better—perhaps than more accomplished and brazen vocalisation.

It is a very odd thing that amateurs never know how to come on or go off a stage, nor can they bow to the public. They either come on walking sideways, like crabs, and flounce off with their heads in the air, as if in high dudgeon, or they shake and shuffle into their places, and invariably go on the wrong side of the conductor, and they are almost always afraid to look fairly at the audience. To look an audience agreeably in the face is the first secret of making a good impression. The two little Melrose girls looked at each other, and even then seemed to find no comfort in each other's faces, so they looked down at their music—never once did they fairly face the people, or even so much as glance at the conductor, as Phoenix said, "It was not exactly singing, but it did very nicely. Charming girls, both of 'em, and you can't have everything. When you've got the plumage of the love-bird you shouldn't expect the music of the nightingale."

"Don't talk like that to the Rector, my dear Phoenix. I am told that he considers Patti and Trebelli together not a patch upon his precious Ellen and Phemie."

"Very likely the dear old boy doesn't know the difference between 'the Old Hundredth' and 'We're a Hundred Pipers,' if you only play both tunes moderately fast."

There was an unusually long pause after the Melrose girls had been recalled. Monasterio had left the desk. Suddenly I felt a quick movement of Aurelia—she touched my arm, with "He's coming!" It was evident what she had been looking forward to whilst Phoenix and I had been rather interested in observing the deportment of the Misses Melrose. Monasterio came on, and following him was a slightly-built, elegant, semi-Italian-looking young gentleman—the Count, as Phoenix at once dubbed him. He shot a rapid glance at the orchestra, and then turning round faced his audience quietly. His features were clear cut and regular, but not

inexpressive. His complexion a clear olive hue, like a Spaniard. His eyes very black and large, with well-arched black eyebrows, full wavy black hair. He wore a slight moustache, no whiskers, and looked about twenty-one.

"What do you think of the Count, Aurelia?" I whispered. I could see her eyes were fixed upon him. She gave a little start. "I don't know yet," and she began examining the programme, but only for a moment, then she followed his every movement with an evidently absorbed interest.

He was holding his violin horizontally, looking at its strings, and as he turned its back round before raising it to his chin we could see the finely-veined maple wood of a Joseph Guarnerius flash like polished agate. In another moment Monasterio looked towards him, raised the baton, and Sartoris, very pale, as I thought, even for an olive complexion, lifted his bow in an undecided manner, and stopped the opening B on the E string with his *second* instead of his *little* finger, and, to our astonishment, stopped it flat. It was but the suspense of a moment, and the finger tightened on the minim B of the next bar dead true. He laid his head a little sideways on his violin, whilst a curious expression—between a smile and a frown—flitted over his face, but in another moment he was lost to everything but the music—and by the time he had come to the first *tutti* every eye in the room was staring at him wide open, and a burst of applause broke forth.

As for Aurelia, she leaned back in her chair, her arms drooped out of her muff and fell by her side; she seemed to have been holding her breath; she gasped out "Oh!"

Sartoris had undoubtedly that nondescript quality called magnetism. The momentary failure of nerve had been instantly succeeded in that highly-strung, sensitive organisation by a vigour and concentration which instantly riveted the room, and seemed to rule the orchestra. The bell-like clearness and crispness of tone, the brightness of execution, could not fail to delight every violinist there; each phase of the work was conceived as a whole—though to be realised only in successive bars—one felt that it lay before the player like a soul-picture—one and indivisible. It is ever this emotional unity which in oratory or music or acting is the test of the accomplished artist. It cannot be defined, but it is felt, and nothing can atone for its absence.

Sartoris had in a supreme degree the gift of emotional unity, and as he went on we found out that he had a dash of romantic fancy that might be condemned as irregular by the severely classical school of Joachim and Co., but which needed no apology that night. Sartoris let the first *tutti* go without touching it anywhere, and, having adjusted his E string in the interval—resumed the clear *cantabile* "solo," running into the pretty development of Triplets, which he tossed off a little more lightly than usual, perhaps; but he was evidently working up to something, and when he got to the *sempre dim.* we found out what it was. Some liberty was taken with the time; the band almost fell into an *obligato accompaniment* as he scaled the high B on the *chanterelle*, and then came down like one falling into a delicious dream to the open G sustained pedal bass *pp* of eight bars. Those eight bars sufficed to magnetise the audience completely. The thirty bars beginning *pp tranquillo* which followed were given with a subdued tenderness, with here and there something like a low sob of overflowing joy, as of one who kept sounding and sounding the depths of his heavenly content and found them fathomless. In so short a time to be transported so far from the sights and sounds of common earth-life—to live for a space in a region of high peaceful fulness of joy—seemed wonderful. Whether Sartoris played in time, or minded his inflections as writ down, or followed Joachim's or Sarasate's reading, no one in that hall on that night inquired. We were all under the spell. The light of common day broke in again after that suite of heavenly melodic phrases, and the work proceeded with unabated vigour up to the famous *Cadenza ad lib.* Here Sartoris was unusually *ad lib.* and deliberate—almost like a *recitativo* singer; in fact, it was a kind of thinking out loud till he wound up with the *arpeggios*, into the midst of which the band stole, until the violinist was again released at the *tutti* for thirteen bars.

We were all on the *qui vive* to know how he would repeat the overwhelming effect he had produced by the *pp tranquillo* passage after the long pedal G, the same passage recurring in another key—this time after a long pedal F. With the instinct of an altogether exceptional artist, he did not attempt to reproduce the effect, but, to our utmost astonishment, defying even the composer's own mark *pp*, he burst into a passionate and sustained headlong *forte*; the same phrase which *pp* had been expressive of the perfect realisation of heavenly bliss now seemed made to do duty for earth's wild and clamorous longings after an intensity of joy on earth for ever dreamed of, yet never perfectly realised.

It was a bold and, in Sartoris's hands, a masterly stroke. It carried the audience forward to the stormy sequel; from this point the vigour of the rendering was never relaxed—until the Presto brought a practical solution to all the varied moods of this matchless violin movement. Towards the close we somehow get reconciled, after a peep into heaven, to the clamour of earth life, and prepared to pass out of the rush of the workaday world into a haven of quiet natural rest and normal, though not celestial, happiness, unfolded in the gracious—I might almost say, the domestically peaceful—Andante which follows.

The last movement we all thought Sartoris took too fast—he ran the band off its legs; but there was no doubt about the playing. It was a veritable *tour de force* of execution; and seeing his error—the band being nearly *hors de combat*—he was able to save the brilliant close at the last *tutti*. Resuming his *solo* of the long shake on B on fourth string, he gave the amended time in a series of shakes, ending with the three bars of prolonged shake on the upper E; and the band after that cut in gloriously with the counter melodies which run so satisfactorily through the grand *bravura* phrases—gaily and buoyantly brilliant, without a touch of claptrap—which bring this model concerto to a close.

As the last bars sounded Alexis looked round for the first time, and nodded to me significantly. As for Phoenix, he kissed his hand to Sartoris, then to Aurelia, then to the band, after which he began applauding violently, like everyone else. People at the bottom of the room stood up on benches, called out, and waved pocket-handkerchiefs. The last chord of the orchestra was succeeded by the rattling of violin-bows. Monasterio hammered applause on his desk with his *baton*, and at last, Sartoris not appearing in reply to the applause, the conductor left the desk and went in search of him. Presently he returned, alone, and, stepping forward, said in broken English:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to speak zat Signor Sartoris has gone away from ze building." We thought this rather an affectation, but we found out afterwards that it was not intended as such. The fact is, as Sartoris told me afterwards, he always found himself bathed in perspiration after a solo in public, owing to the amount of nervous force expended. Said Phoenix, "It was the same with Paganini; he always had a clean shirt in his violin case, and changed directly after the solo." Upon which Alexis remarked, "The other night I sat by Rubinstein—he was only playing a *notturno* of Chopin—but so great was his concentration that I saw the perspiration standing in beads on his forehead." So we learned to acquit Sartoris of affectation! The fact is, he was afraid of catching cold, and had gone straight across the road to the inn, in unconscious imitation of Paganini, a fair measure of whose spirit had certainly rested upon him that night.

As we issued forth at the end of the concert everyone was loud in praise of the new violinist.

Aurelia took my arm. Cousin Phoenix led the way with his arm in that of Alexis, flourishing his gold-headed cane, and discussing "the Count" with great volubility. I could get nothing but monosyllables out of Aurelia. I never saw her more subdued, but hers I seemed to feel was the silence of crowded thought and suppressed feeling, not the silence of apathy or indifference. We stopped suddenly at Cousin Phoenix's door.

(To be continued.)

## The Viennese Lady Orchestra.

"**R**OUND this way, sir. You'll find Madame Schipek's room on the left." With these directions our representative penetrated the recesses behind the stage at the Royal Aquarium, and, after sundry stumbles against "property" cases, and an encounter with the Flying Eugenes, who were just going on the boards in their acrobatic tights, he arrived at the little sanctum.

The afternoon concert is just over, and Madame Schipek is resting, if indeed the word can be applied to a lady so full of animation. The object of the visit is soon explained, and Madame Schipek proves quite willing to be interviewed. The majesty of the Press is a universal passport.

"We are very glad to see you back again, Madame Schipek. You must be getting quite used to our English ways now. I think this is your third season in England?"

"Yes; we began on the August Bank Holiday in 1885 at the Albert Palace in Battersea. That was a day! 20,000 people in the building, and such applause! A good many had come with the idea of making fun of the Lady Orchestra, but they soon found out their mistake! We stayed at the Palace for three months. Then we travelled about on a four weeks' tour in Scotland and the North of England. We got back to London again in the end of November, and played for other three months at the Aquarium here. We went home for a holiday in the end of February, 1886, but we were back again in May for the 'Shipperies' at Liverpool. We stayed on at the 'Shipperies' until it was time to go to the Jubilee Exhibition in Berlin. After that was closed, we have been resting until we came over here for our third season."

"You seem to have a good deal of moving about. But I suppose that's only a sample of your career for the last—how long shall I say?"

"Twenty years. I started my Lady Orchestra in 1866. In those twenty years I have taken the Orchestra—of course, with constant changes in the members—to Prague, Buda-Pesth, Belgrade, Bucharest, Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Berlin, Hamburg, Leipzig, Dresden, Munich, Frankfurt, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Warsaw, and St. Petersburg. Of course I have had plenty of offers from America. I have been asked to play in India. The Khedive gave me an invitation to come to Cairo, and the Emperor of China wanted me at Pekin. But I don't like going so far from home. In fact, I sometimes feel tired of the life of a wandering musician, and think of giving it up."

"That is out of the question! I have seen you, Madame Schipek, conducting. I have seen you turning this way and that, and dashing off every now and then with your violin. I have seen that to you Music is Life and Life is Music."

"Well," said Madame Schipek with a smile, "it is quite true that my heart is in my work."

"May I ask if this beautiful brooch is a present?"

"Yes, I got it from the Mayor and the Corporation of Liverpool at the end of our engagement at the 'Shipperies.' You see it has the city arms—there is the 'liver.' I have been favoured with a good many of these tokens of honour in my time. When we left the Aquarium last year, the directors gave a silver medal to every lady in the band, and a gold medal to the conductor; and I have another brooch with the arms of the Prince of Wales. I got that in February last year, when we were invited to play before the Prince and Princess



of Wales at a dinner given to the Duke of Edinburgh on his leaving England for the Mediterranean. I need hardly tell you that the Prince and Princess are not the only royal personages before whom the Lady Orchestra have played. We often had crowned heads among our audiences at Baden-Baden and in the Prater at Vienna. By-the-bye, I have just received an order of merit from an English lord—what is his name? Oh! yes! Lord Ally Sloper."

"Well, that's worth something. I daresay it will ripen into a three months' engagement at the 'Shipperies.' I fancy, Madame Schipek, that dance music is the speciality of the orchestra?"

"That is so, but, of course, we don't by any means confine ourselves to dance music. Here, for example, is the programme of a typical concert—the one we gave before the Prince of Wales: Hoch Habsburg (Kral), Stradella (Flotow), Mussestunden (Fischer), Baden-Park (Winterneth), Heimliche Liebe (Resch), Verdichte (Strauss), Ambos (Parlow), Deutsche Lieder (Klimsch), Louis XIII. (Ghys), Fra Bombardo (Czibulka), Lohengrin (Wagner), Türkische Patrouille (Michaelis), Blaue Donau (Strauss), Herrenball (Dubec), Pizzicato (Délèbes), Deutsche Mährchen (Czibulka), Schönbrunner (Lanner), Champagner (Lumbye). But you see what isn't dance music in this programme is light, sparkling, gay. Of course, you know that I am a native of Vienna. If Life is earnest, as it must be even in Vienna, Art with us is gay. Vienna is the home of the dance. Everyone dances in Vienna—men, women, and children. The children dance in the streets, and the very babies dance in their mothers' arms—like this. Now, England is not a dancing country, and English audiences are a little difficult to move with dance music."

"Well, if you go into the poorer districts of London, you will see young girls waltzing round the piano organs. They will waltz to anything, from a galop to a psalm-tune. But it may be as you say. Scotland, however, is certainly a dancing country. You can't well have anything in Vienna much livelier than a Scotch reel."

"I have it now! That is why we did so well in Edinburgh. I look upon my visit to Edinburgh as one of the brightest spots in my whole career. The Waverley Market was crowded to suffocation, and the Scotch were as liberal with their money as with their applause. You should have seen them when my young ladies imitated the bagpipes in Becton's grand fantasia, 'Albion.' I do so like to see people enjoying

themselves. To us foreigners you seem in this country to take your pleasures sadly. I should like to see you brighter and merrier, and my orchestra are doing their humble best to make you so."

"Well, so many nice-looking girls are a source of brightness and merriment in themselves. It is hard to say in which of their uniforms the girls look best—the scarlet hussar-jackets, the blue hussar-jackets, or the white dresses with the red, orange, and dark blue sashes. I am afraid our admiration might be turned into laughter if we saw the girls with trombones or euphoniums in their hands, but I suppose you never tried them with anything so unwieldy."

"Oh no, they are not strong enough. You see that we have men for these parts at present, but we often contrive to do without them by the help of a piano and an harmonium. We did so in Edinburgh, and the orchestra were never more enthusiastically received. It is in the quality of our strings that we excel. You ask where the girls come from? Almost entirely from Vienna or the neighbourhood. My demand for lady instrumentalists has created a supply, and other orchestras have thus sprung up in imitation. I don't grudge them their success. It is all to the advantage of my sex. Lady orchestras offer a new and wide field for the employment of women. I have been urged to remain permanently in England, and to recruit my orchestra with English girls. There would not be much difficulty in obtaining the services of competent players. Thanks to the influence of Madame Norman-Néruda, the violin is probably more studied by ladies in England than in any other country, and amateur lady orchestras are numerous. I may say that I have, in fact, already received fifty or sixty applications from ladies in England and Scotland. Time will determine. In the meantime, we are going to Paris in June to play at the Railway Exhibition."

"So you have two ambitions, Madame Schipek: one to brighten the lives of the people, the other to raise the status of your sex. Well, both are equally praiseworthy, and I hope that both will continue equally successful. Good afternoon."

## A Russian Violin.\*

BY HENRI GREVILLE.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE young people's life was resumed much the same as last winter, only with much work and more hardships. Victor was with his musical instrument maker in the day, and with Benjamin Roussouf at nine o'clock in the evening. Demiane was at the Conservatoire in the morning, gave lessons in the afternoon, and played on his violin in the evening, while waiting his brother's return, like one possessed.

André had drawn from them the story of their disappointment in the paternal mansion, and listened to Victor's complaints with a benevolent smile.

"Did you imagine," he said, "that they would praise you for your generosity? Quite a mistake, my friend! I do not know why one should speak of useless sacrifices. The very essence of sacrifice is its uselessness; therefore, when one does things of this kind they should not be called sacrifices, because for sacrifices one expects some recognition, which is a totally ridiculous pretension. One should give them their real name of duty. Under this denomination they demand nothing of any one, and one is content to have done something for the benefit of the world."

This maxim was one of those which André put in practice, and our friends had more than once observed it. They had some troubles to pass through, but this lively trio supported the most dismal days with great equanimity.

Two years had passed in this way. Demiane made rapid progress. His professor no longer mocked him, but quoted him as an example to the others when he was not there. However, he had not procured him many lessons, which he could easily have done. This odd man thought that if to die of hunger was averse to the development of an artist, to feel a little privation now and then was a good stimulant to genius. Demiane had reached the second year of his studies without suspecting that he possessed unusual talent.

Some days before the final examination his professor, Verlomine, had handed him one of his own violins.

"You cannot play at the examination upon your old cracked fiddle," he said to him; "see what you can do with this."

Demiane, delighted beyond measure, became at home with the instrument in a week, and when the examination day arrived it was almost with assurance that he presented himself before the select crowd invited to assist at the solemn ceremony.

As he bowed to the chairs—the front ones remained empty till later—in spite of his *aplomb*, very well for a *débutant*, but imperfect for an *habitué*, our friend only saw the first three rows. A lady, the sole occupant of the first row, put up her eyeglass, and contemplated him as if he had been the Belvedere Apollo in marble, instead of being Demiane Markof in flesh and blood, filled also with more or less magnetic fluids, of which some darted from his troubled eyes, which seemed drunk with pride or joy.

He was drunk, indeed, drunk with the assurance of his triumph, and of the future which he saw dawning when he commenced Veniavsky's

Polonaise, the same which had gained him a hearing from Verlomine. He felt himself young, full of defects and faults, inexperienced, but yet he felt that he had only to strike the earth with his feet, as Anteus had done, to bound full of force into the arena of life, and defy the fiercest combatants.

He played with an animation that ten years later he would have found in bad taste, and his exceedingly mobile face expressed a thousand diverse and confused things. While a movement of satisfaction ran through the audience, accustomed to entertainments of this kind, the lady had dropped her eye-glass, without lowering her glance, and examined the young violinist with the naked eye, as indifferently as she had just before done with her eye-glass; only, in order to see him better, she winked slightly with her right eye, which, by an anomaly, was weaker than the other.

A man of about fifty years, slight, elegant, rather *passé*, but still handsome, walked leisurely down the long alley of arm-chairs, and seated himself beside the lady in question; she acknowledged him with a slight nod, but did not cease her contemplation.

"He is a pretty player, don't you think, Princess?" said the new comer, whispering, in a negligent tone. "He is an unknown; they have up to the present kept him in obscurity; this is their master stroke, and I presume he will carry off the first prize. Look at the cheerful faces of his judges! And he, poor devil, does not seem to suspect the effect he has produced. It is what we diplomats call the *aplomb* of innocence. You say nothing, Princess; do you not think he is talented? Your decrees are law, you know! Will you crush him in the bud? It is in your power."

"He is talented," said the Princess, taking up her eye-glass again.

"A little too theatrical in pose, perhaps."

"He is handsome."

These three words produced a singular effect on the diplomat; he had been leaning over the arm of his chair, inclining towards the Princess; he moved and leant without affectation on the opposite arm, and spoke to her from the increased distance, though in the diplomatic voice which knew how to make the words perceptible to one only.

"Yes, madam, he is handsome, handsome as Antinous; he is a young demi-god, and has magnificent eyes. The woman who captures the owner of those eyes will discover a mine of gold in them perhaps. . . . But so much precious metal turns out only vulgar copper, gilded with some more pompous name."

"She perceives that when they grow old!" replied the Princess, shortly, laying a cruel emphasis on the word *old*. But her adversary was not one of those whom a word dismays. He smiled, and replied in the same tone.

"How is the Prince?"

"Thank you, he is always the same. He has been ordered to take the waters of the Caucasus."

"That is very far away!"

"What does that matter to me? I may as well be there as anywhere else."

"And then, too, the Caucasus is something new; you like novelty, do you not, Princess?"

She did not reply, and he continued to converse by fits and starts.

"This young man is talented; do you know him?"

The Princess shook her head and continued to blink her right eye.

"He is called Demiane Markof."

"How do you know?" she asked, turning round with a certain vivacity.

He presented her with a programme in which

the name of Markof was followed by another, of one known as a performer, and much patronised by the professors.

She took the leaf, but let it fall so disdainfully that the pale blue paper fluttered to the foot of the platform, where it attracted Markof's attention.

"Demiane! that is a clerical name?" she said aloud.

The young musician took breath just at this moment during a bar's rest; his eyes, attracted by the paper, glanced upwards at the Princess.

"Bravo!" said the diplomat softly, and noiselessly applauded with his fingers, while fixing a slightly ironical glance on the executant.

The Princess had perceived the movement and the intention. She shuddered and bent forward.

"Bravo!" she cried heartily, and applauded so heartily with her hands that she split her gloves.

The whole room, following the leader, sheep-like, as usual in such cases, applauded heartily. Pale, dazzled, ready to fall with this emotion which he had never before experienced, Demiane bowed, but his eyes encountered those of the Princess, who applauded again, and it was to her that he addressed this maiden bow—so awkward, timid, and charming.

He played again, but with a different inspiration; the shades so conscientiously worked up with the professor were fed with impetuosity from a new fire, and he played the end of the piece as he had, perhaps, never before played, although contrary to rule.

"You will make him lose the first prize, Princess," said the diplomat to his beautiful neighbour. "You owe him some compensation."

She looked half flattered, half disdainful at this indiscreet chatter, and ceased to look at Demiane.

Vainly he tried to encounter again the magnetic eyes which so many others had interrogated before him. The Princess, impassable, did not favour him with the least glance. He had to submit, and soon recovered himself, and played in the most brilliant manner.

He was, indeed, proclaimed the winner of the first prize. The Princess, who had only waited to hear that, then left. She rose, remained a moment, looked at the young man, who instinctively felt her glance and read in it a thousand things—encouragement for the artist, a little disdainful sympathy, admiration for his personal beauty: so many things that in so short a time he could not decipher everything; and then she slowly turned round and regained the door while the other names fell vainly on the ear of the indifferent beauty.

"She remained for me!" he thought, blushing still more at the boldness of his thought than at the joy of having the first prize.

"She thinks she has found a mine of virgin gold!" thought the diplomat, scrutinising Demiane's face, "and, perhaps, she will sink into a bottomless abyss."

"Did you not see me, brother?" said Victor to Demiane, some minutes after, when he took his arm in going out. "When you were proclaimed I stretched forward, and it almost seemed as if my head reached your cheek to embrace it."

"I did not see you," said Demiane, a little ashamed to remember that he had been looking at the Princess, a woman of whom he knew absolutely nothing.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"DEMIANE MARKOF, first prize for the violin at the Conservatoire, will have the honour to give a concert in the Assembly Rooms on

\* Those commencing to take in the MAGAZINE with the April number may obtain the first eighteen chapters of "The Russian Violin," in book form, post free, for six penny stamps. Address E. Rae, 1A, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Wednesday, May 20, 186-, at eight o'clock in the evening."

This bill, posted everywhere, might not have drawn a very large audience, if Madame Roussoff and Professor Verlomine had not posted the bills everywhere with remarkable perseverance, above all for this time of the year, when the amateur musical public emigrates in large numbers to the interior. Perhaps it was because this was the last concert, perhaps also because up to that time no one had heard anything of Markof, that the hall was nearly full when the young man appeared on the platform. Instinctively he glanced towards the first row of *fauteuils*; he saw all sorts of people, young, old, ugly, handsome—few of the latter—but not the least sign of the lady whose eyes had interrogated him at the Conservatoire. As he finished his search, feeling a little disappointed, he perceived the diplomat's ironical face, who was smiling imperceptibly. This smile was the finishing stroke to the poor boy, and his feelings were reflected in his first piece, which was ill played; it was said in the hall, in many places, that "these people from the Conservatoire are no better than others. It does not cost them much to throw away some dry fruit of no value!"

While a well-known pianist executed the Hungarian Rhapsody, and made noise enough to drown the sound of an earthquake, Verlomine attacked Demiane in the artists' rooms.

"Unhappy creature," he said to him, "you are turning us into ridicule. You are betraying the moral engagement that you have contracted with us! You play like a member of a public-house orchestra! What are you thinking of? Can you not shake it off?"

"I am afraid," said Demiane, hanging his head.

"That is not true! You are not afraid! You were not afraid when you came! You were not afraid the other day at the examination!"

"I am sad," said Demiane, incapable of lying, incapable also of suppressing the bitterness which made his heart come to his mouth.

That lady should have been there! She ought! She certainly knew that he would play; why had she not come? But that was impossible to say.

"Are you sad because you will earn so much money? Two thousand roubles ready money; and monsieur is not content? No more nonsense, I beg you, no more melancholy. I detest grimaces. Go now, and try to summon more nerve."

Demiane, thus encouraged, went into the hall. His entrance was not brilliant: he had disappointed the public, and the most indulgent, even those who spoke of the embarrassment inseparable from a first *début*, dared not applaud too loudly. He advanced, feeling resigned to anything, even complete defeat, which would have destroyed the hopes which he had indulged for so many years; he was in the situation of a man who sees a train approaching, but cannot quit the road, held back by terror, paralysed by the sight of the imminent catastrophe.

"The *la*, if you please," he said to the accompanist.

The latter gave the note asked, feeling astonished that Demiane had not taken the precaution to tune his violin before entering. The young man twanged the cord at his ear, to gain a little time. Suddenly his face cleared, a new strength, a triumphant joy enveloped him; the unknown of the Conservatoire was slowly advancing towards the platform, her head erect, slightly thrown back. Her features expressed only the satisfaction of pride, the assurance of disdain. She had a superb trailing gown, and walked alone, as if to show her indifference to

what the world might say. She went straight to her *fauteuil*, next the diplomat, and sank into it without casting a look around her.

Demiane took up his bow, and a shiver of joy, an intense vibration, passed from the violin through his whole being, even to his hair, slightly raised as by an electric current. Then, his bow sang divinely, as if borne upon invisible wings, and the young man, while playing to his whole audience a classical piece, played for initiated ears a magnificent hymn to love and youth:

She did not look at him; her head bent, she played with the tassel of her fan, and appeared as indifferent to the music as to all the rest. What did it matter to Demiane? His mysterious protectress, the good fairy who had caused him to obtain the first prize, had come—come for him, this time, because she had seen his name on the placard. Was that not enough to make him proud and happy?

Demiane stopped; the Allegro was finished. They applauded frantically, as the good Russian public, the most enthusiastic and the best of publics, knows how to applaud. He bowed and took up his bow, ready to attack the Andante. She gently raised her haughty head, and fixed on him a profound and penetrating glance, which made him shiver from head to foot.

For her he made the instrument sing like a human voice; the sonorous wood was charged with expressing all the first fruits of a young soul suddenly opened to the most intoxicating and ethereal love, that of a mortal for an inaccessible star—love the more foolish since he did not imagine that it would affect the object of it; she was so high that no one could reach her.

"You will bewitch him," said Count Raben to his beautiful neighbour, who had returned to her fan.

"That does not matter to you," she replied, without looking at him.

"Does this clever young violinist really please you?"

She slightly shook her shoulders, and the fringe of her burnous fell on the diplomat's arm.

"Have you read Delila, Princess?" he continued, without embarrassment.

"Delila? Yes, I think so. Why?"

"Do you remember Rosweim? Do not nip in the bud this superb lily, which has no intention of spinning, yet wishes to be superbly clothed, like all lilies."

"And you, you really remind me of Carnioli," said the Princess, in a tone of concentrated anger, which made this speech resemble a slap in the face.

Count Raben slightly bowed.

"From a lady like yourself, Princess, a cutting speech can be only flattering to the receiver. When one has you for an adversary it is an honour to be worsted."

"Leave me alone!" said the Princess, in a temper.

The Andante slowly unfolded its passionate phases; it moved in and out, clinging to the theme with a more and more passionate embrace. At last the motive lifted itself up to the heavens, while Demiane, transported beyond the world, threw all his soul into it, and laid it at the feet of the unknown.

"Thank him now!" said Raben, with his sarcastic smile, "you owe him so much!"

"You dare me to do it?" said the Princess. With a superb gesture of insolence she raised the drapery which hid her gloved hands; she raised them slightly, and applauded noiselessly, but in an ostensible fashion.

"That is not enough," said Raben.

"Be it so!" she said, proudly. And as

Demiane, while bowing to the public, gave her a supplicating look, she pronounced distinctly, but softly, the words, "Thank you."

"Now 'tis done, you have taken upon yourself to render him immortal!" said Raben to his beautiful enemy, while she gave him a defiant glance.

"You will never be immortal!" she said, ironically.

"Because you do not wish it," he replied, with exquisite gallantry.

"Oh, one does not become immortal by wishing it! One must first have genius!"

All this passed courteously, in low tones, without a gesture—with merely shadows of gesture, suspicions of movement, as it should be with people of the world, to whom the slightest shiver has an importance. They exchanged words sharp as swords, and 'no one behind them would have suspected it. Demiane became pale—looked at them uneasily, imagining that they spoke of him. She looked at him—it was a lightning glance, so quickly did she lower her eyelids; but it inspired him with fresh courage, and he terminated the Sonata in a manner which pleased the most critical. Recalled three times, he returned to salute his master, the public, which for the moment asked no better than to become his slave; then he returned to the artists' room, where he was covered with praises by those who half an hour before had so rudely blamed him. He listened to them mechanically, smiling, thanking, shaking hands right and left, hearing only one word, that *Thank you* of which his eyes had divined the movement on the Princess's lips, but his ear had not heard the sound.

"The Princess Redine has noticed you," said Verlomine, without ceremony, aloud. "She will make your reputation, provided you are amiable to herself, her dogs, her *femme de chambre*, and even her husband."

"Is she married?" asked Demiane, who during this discourse had only heard the name of the Princess and the word "husband."

"At thirty-five years of age, if she were not she would have little chance of ever being."

"Thirty-five years old? Who is thirty-five years old?" said the young man, thinking that he was mistaken.

"The lady who sat in the right-hand corner; you can see her from here, bending forward a little, with pearls on her neck, the handsome Raben at her side."

It was herself! How dare these rascals talk of her so irreverently! Quite scandalised, Demiane was about to make some absurd protest. Verlomine prevented him.

"She will tell you that she is twenty-eight years old, and that will be very natural of her, since she does not appear to be more than twenty-seven. Be amiable to her husband—that is an essential condition."

"Does she love him very much?" asked Demiane, feeling a vague pain.

The caustic Professor smiled.

"That does not concern either of us, my child. Anyhow, unlike most women—women of her kind—she is touchingly attentive to the old Prince, and so is an example to the people about him. It is an excellent example and irreproachable taste, and is a proof of unusual intelligence."

"Is the Prince old?" asked Demiane, who listened without understanding, or rather without wishing to understand.

"He is sixty-eight years old; he was wounded in the head in 1855, and his intelligence was seriously impaired; but the admirable care which his prodigy of a wife does not spare will no doubt preserve for a long time the lucidity which Providence has left him."

Demiane looked at the Professor, but he was imperturbable ; no one could ever tell if he were joking when he resolved to appear serious ; moreover, the poor boy had quite another matter in his head, and he hastened in pursuit of an artist who was about to leave, pretending that he would not have time to play his piece at the pace at which the concert was going on, because he was expected at a *soirée*, where he had promised to play. With much pressing, Markof finally obtained a promise that he would remain on condition that he played immediately after the performer who was then playing. This arrangement upset the whole concert ; but Mademoiselle K—— had not appeared, and, somehow or other, they must endeavour to make up for it, or the audience would complain. "What drudgery it is to give a concert!" sighed Demiane, when the difficulties were overcome.

"You complain when we have done the most difficult part for you," replied Verlomine. "You will find it rather different when you undertake it all alone ! Generally, my friend, when everything is organised, when the hall is lighted, the public arrive, and the artists are ready, the giver of the entertainment is worn out by a sick headache, and has no other wish than that he might go to bed."

When Demiane returned to the hall, the Princess had gone ! It seemed to the poor boy that all the lights were simultaneously extinguished, and that the darkest shadows were thrown across his path. He bore up, nevertheless, against this unforeseen stroke. The attitude of the Princess had inspired him with the conviction that he would see her again, and this conviction gave him courage to accomplish the rest of his task without too much weariness.

When all was over, and he had received everyone's congratulations, and given money to an incalculable number of dirty hands, which seemed to multiply in a disorderly fashion, Demiane found himself all alone in the street with Victor, who during the whole evening had neither made a gesture nor spoken a word. Hidden in a corner, behind a great heap of wraps and greatcoats, he had been content to look at his brother with smiling happy eyes, like a dog watching his master.

"Ah !" said Demiane, "I am worn out ! I should like to lie down there, on the pavement, and sleep till daybreak."

"Let us go home," said Victor, joyously, taking his arm ; "we will go quickly. Give me the violin ; I shall carry it."

Demiane allowed him ; they got into a drochki and jogged along the ill-paved streets of old Moscow, then of new Moscow, almost as bad as the other. Above their heads the azure-grey of the summer night contrasted with the feeble light of the stars. It was one of the Northern nights which the poet has spoken of, when he said :

*"Et l'aube douce et pâle, en attendant son heure  
Semblé toute la nuit errer au bas du ciel."*

Indeed, near the horizon floated clouds of mysterious clearness, gilded, such as suggest sunset, or the coming dawn, and which make one think of a thousand future things, a thousand unavowed hopes. These nights banish the image of the past, they foreshadow the future in thought.

The day was not far distant—it came so quickly at this season !—the light was already appearing in the east when the two brothers reached their home. A light gleamed in André's window, the only one they had seen for a long time on their way through the sleepy streets, where, in summer, the gas is never seen.

"André has not gone to bed," said Demiane, yawning.

"He wishes to know how the concert has succeeded," replied Victor, with a mysterious joy.

The drochki slowly stopped, and our friends went in. André, candle in hand, was awaiting them in their own room.

"Well !" he said, laconically.

"Superb !" replied Victor, who seemed to find his tongue in proportion as his brother lost his.

"I congratulate you !" said André, energetically, shaking the artist's hand.

"Thank you very much, but I am half dead !" said Demiane, who was almost reeling from fatigue and want of sleep.

He threw himself upon his bed just as he was ; the two young people stopped him with a frightened gesture.

"So much the worse for my fine new coat," said Demiane, trying to resist them. "I have been on foot ten hours, and must lie down."

"It is not that," said Victor, still with his triumphant smile ; "there is something on your bed."

He lifted a cloth, and Demiane perceived, lying in his place, the head on the pillow, the well-known form of a violin-case.

"What is that ?" he said, quite awakened by the strangeness of the vision. These violin-cases have a vague resemblance to little coffins.

"Look !" said Ladof. Victor held his breath.

Demiane cautiously put out a hand, touched the object, and drew the box to him. It was heavy ; he lifted it on to the little old piano, opened it, and remained motionless.

In a case carefully lined with red cloth, a superb violin lay on its back ; the ebony bow was fastened in the lid, and Demiane's monogram was engraved on both objects.

"What is it ?" he said, when he had recovered.

"It is for you, my brother ; it is your violin," cried Victor, incapable of containing himself. "It is your own violin, with which you will become celebrated !"

Feverishly, without replying, Demiane seized the instrument, mechanically tuned two strings, and moved the bow slowly up and down on the same note, which gave a deep full sound, sweet and vibrating as a beautiful tenor voice.

"It is a good one, I assure you !" said Ladof, who had till then been mute.

Demiane laid down the violin, looked at it, then at his friends.

"I do not understand," he said. "This violin must be worth a fabulous sum."

"It's nevertheless very simple," said Ladof, with his ordinary *sang-froid*. "You are not rich enough to buy a Stradivarius, nor we to make you a present of one ; so your brother has made one for you ! That is all."

"Is it you, Victor, who have made this ?" said Demiane, pale with emotion. He was beginning to understand.

"André has helped me very much," replied Victor, modestly. He blushed like a wild rose, and was modest as a little mouse in his excessive humility.

"With my advice only," said Ladof.

Demiane remained silent, then suddenly he burst into tears and hid his face in his hands ; but banishing all false pride, he allowed them to see it without shame, and held a hand to each of them.

"Oh ! my friends ! my friends !" he said.

He could find no other words to say ; and what could he add to this cry from the heart ? Were they not indeed his friends ?

"We have been working a long time," said Victor. "The box has been made fifteen months ; it has been drying a year, and we have been three months in making it. And so you see I had an idea, but I did not understand—"

"I quite understood," interrupted André.

"We have violinists, but no violins ! All your instruments are made by Germans, and this has vexed me for a long time. But I have no ambition. One day I shall go and eat my buffalos on the banks of the Don, and I shall only make violins for my children, if I have any, and for other people's children if I do not marry. Victor, there, is devoured with ambition ! He has more ambition in his little finger, my dear Demiane, than you have in your whole body, which seems unending ! He dreams of German violins ; Nuremberg altos sit upon his chest and make his tongue start out, which gives him most frightful nightmares. So, he wished to make a Russian violin—one entirely Russian, and I believe he has succeeded."

Demiane took up the instrument again, and played the first thirty bars of the Allegro movement of the Sonata.

"It is a pearl without flaw !" he cried. "Oh ! Victor, you are worth a thousand times more than I am !"

Victor smiled. His joy was enveloping him ; he appeared to be walking on a path of roses.

"A Russian artist," he said, "needs a Russian violin. We have the artist and the instrument. *Vive la Russie ! Vive la patrie ! Hourra !*"

The old house shook with our friends' excitement, and the landlady, who was a heavy sleeper, turned round and moaned, thinking, no doubt, that it was falling.

"Let us go to bed," said André, blowing out his candle ; "it is broad daylight."

An hour after, Victor, waking up with a start, perceived his brother, in bed, but wide awake, looking attentively at the violin case, placed in front of him.

"Are you not asleep ?" he said to him. "You were so fatigued."

"I am no longer fatigued, brother," said Demiane, in a soft voice, as though dreaming ; "life is good, and I am happy."

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

The next day, about one o'clock, as the two brothers were taking their tea, a great lanky fellow with an air of importance made his appearance. After having rung at two or three houses which appeared likely, he decided at last to try the little tumble-down place ; and, indeed, the name of the landlady was very plainly written on the letter which he held in his hand, and he had looked at it when passing the door ; but this man, imbued with aristocratic principles, much preferred to take several useless journeys rather than admit the possibility of contaminating his noble *valet de chambre*'s feet in so miserable a dwelling. Anyone whom his master deigned to honour with a missive could not, or should not, live in so mean a house. Constrained, however, to believe his eyes, he rang firmly, and Petit-Gris, in a fright, ran across the table in such a fashion as seriously to compromise the equilibrium of the teapot on the samovar. The landlady ran down the staircase with a quickness not less characteristic, opened the door, and entered into conversation with this magnificent messenger, who retired soon after in a majestic manner.

"A letter for M. Markof, from Princess Redine. There is no reply needed," said the good woman, withdrawing.

M. Markof could be no other than Demiane. He stretched out his arm for the letter, and opened it before Victor had thought of claiming it.

"Who is the Princess Redine?" asked the brave boy naively; "and what can she want with you?"

"It is some work for next winter," said Demiane, laying on the table the English paper, thick, heavy, and dull, whose folds had resisted the pressure of the envelope and opened by itself.

"Lessons?"

"No, not exactly; some pianoforte recitals, if you will. It is to play some Sonatas on the piano and violin."

"Next winter; that is far away," said Victor, who would have preferred it to be at once.

"Yes, it is far!" replied Demiane with a sigh.

"A Princess! Show me her writing."

He took the letter, not before a slight movement on his brother's part had indicated his desire to keep it to himself; but Victor paid no attention, and read aloud in Russian.

"Princess Cleopatra Redine, leaving for the waters of Piatigorsk, begs M. Markof to reserve some time during the following winter to play some music with her. The Princess expects to return about November. Address as follows."

"November!" cried Victor.

"The Greek kalends!" said Ladof, who was at the threshold. He had not gone to work that day, having stayed at home to take a holiday with his friends.

"No," replied Demiane, firmly, while his eyes sparkled with a strange light, half anger, half triumph; "it is quite true. I have seen her; she was at the concert yesterday; she was at the Conservatoire—"

He stopped and bit his tongue. What more could he say?

"A patroness, then? That is charming. Is she young or old?"

"Young," replied Demiane, unwillingly.

"Handsome or ugly?"

"Beautiful, I think."

"Hurrah for the beauty!" said Ladof, in a cold tone, which contrasted strongly with his enthusiastic words.

"Where does she live?"

Victor read the address.

"Indeed," said Ladof, still coldly, "your fortune is made."

"How?" said Demiane, becoming restive, as under a lash.

"A young and beautiful Princess, who patronises art, and engages you six months in advance, cannot fail to have the most generous intentions in your behalf."

"Do you know her?" said the young artist, instinctively wounded by André's tone.

"By reputation."

"Well, what? What is there to say?" continued Demiane, rather sharply.

"Nothing at all! From my point of view, nothing at all. When one is rich and powerful one can do as one likes; that is really the greatest advantage of being rich and powerful."

Demiane rose and walked round the room at the risk of upsetting the table, and trod on Petit-Gris's tail, who looked at him in a displeased fashion.

"How singular," he said, after making two or three turns, "is this wish to disparage people whom one does not know! It is enough for a woman to be rich and amiable, and calumny attacks her."

Ladof put his hand upon the artist's arm, and cut him short in his sentence, as well as in his walk.

"You know her well, then," he said quietly, "for you speak of calumny?"

"I? Not at all!"

"You do not know her at all, and yet for this woman, whom you do not know, whom you have

seen twice, you accuse of calumny an old friend, one who shares with your brother the right to love, encourage, counsel you?"

Demiane shook his hand from his arm, and would have turned round.

"You will not make me angry," said Ladof, still calm. "I tell you that you are treating me as a bore, a schoolmaster, an old wretch, and that for a woman whom you do not know. She has fascinated you; is it not so? And you have lost your head. Very well, my friend, go—go, and fulfil your destiny. After all, perhaps, you will have no destiny. This woman is sensible; she will go. When she returns your head will be occupied by another!"

He laughed calmly; his smile denoted a perfect self-possession, and its calmness irritated Demiane.

This laugh had resounded many times in the midst of their aesthetic, political, and other discussions, this laugh of a man who knew human nature, and could forgive all its weaknesses. Many a time, after some grand exposition of theory, André had laughed at himself and his Utopian theories as naturally as he laughed at others on occasion. This goodnatured laugh had gathered all Victor's grand plans and Demiane's poetical fancies, and they had always united, irresistibly won by his frankness and good-nature.

It was the same again now. Demiane held out his hand to Ladof and said, "I am an idiot!"

"Certainly," replied the young man, "but I must confess that it requires a certain amount of good sense to recognise it. Beware, my friend of fairy prettresses—Caroline are less dangerous—indeed they are not at all dangerous. A woman who smells of onions and pomade her hair can only be dangerous to a lout. Demiane, could you understand an apprentice embezzling his master for a Caroline?"

"I do not know a Caroline," said Victor, naively.

"Your brother knew one."

"Will you be quiet?" said Demiane; "you will scandalise my housekeeper."

"Oh! I am not scandalised," said Victor; "I know that youth must pass away."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

"What will you do now, my two nabobs?" said M. Roussoff to the two young people, when they came to pay him a visit two days after the concert.

"I have an idea," said Demiane, hesitatingly, looking at his brother from the corner of his eye. "Victor also—"

"Two ideas!"

"No, the same. If we remain in Moscow we shall eat up all our money."

M. Roussoff made a sign which implied that he did not doubt it.

"So we have thought of making, like other artists, a little tour in the provinces. It seems to me that a first prize of the Conservatoire has chances of gaining a little money anywhere. If we only pay our expenses that will do very well for a beginning."

"And then we shall see the country," added Victor, with the air of conviction which he always wore when expressing his brother's ideas. He was less bold in proclaiming his own.

"Excellent reasoning!" said M. Roussoff. "And, if it is not too much to ask, which direction will you take?"

Demiane bunched; he had not yet studied diplomacy enough.

"I have been told," he said, "that along the Volga there are many towns where music is much appreciated. I think of commencing at Jaroslav."

"Yes! And how far will you go?"

"As far as we are appreciated," said Victor, joyfully.

"Come, that is very well."

M. Roussoff's scrutinising eye troubled Demiane; it seemed to him that his protector must know the reason of his presence for the Volga. Was not the river the natural road to the Caucasus? Might he not be permitted to hope that, step by step, he would arrive at Bakou, and from there to Piatigorsk, without anyone suspecting the motive which led him towards the mountains? Once our friend quite thought that M. Roussoff had guessed, for he smiled while saying to him:

"Do you go alone?"

"The two of us," replied Victor, abashed.

"I understand. And who will accompany Demiane on the piano?"

"We shall trust in Providence," replied Demiane, relieved of a great weight in thinking that his secret was now guess-ed. "Accompanists are to be had everywhere."

"Good and bad," said M. Roussoff. "You will take no one?—no clever singer or competent pianist? Generally artists go in parties."

"We have no friends, said Demiane, carelessly. "We are Bohemians, free under heaven, without impediment or duty towards other than ourselves—and you," he added, bowing to M. Roussoff. "Before starting, sir, I must give you the fifty roubles which enabled us, three years ago, to come to Moscow and to be where I now am to-day. It is to you that I owe my good fortune. I shall never forget it, M. Roussoff, and I can never repay you."

He placed a banknote on the table with a slight trembling which he could not prevent, and his eyes sought those of the good man.

"You wish to return me this money? You will not have any benefactor?" he said, smilingly.

"I: is not that, sir; the recollection of it is sweet to me, but I said that I would reply you, and my word is as good as my signature."

"You told me that before, my friend; remember it. It is well, you are an honest boy. And your money—will you carry it with you?"

"I have a thousand roubles remaining which I beg you will take care of for me, sir. I fear that they may be spent if I take them away, and I should like to have them when I return."

"I ask no better than to be your banker. Here or at Gradovka you will always find me ready to help you."

The two brothers took leave of their friend. When they had gone, M. Roussoff pointed in the direction of the door.

"Chivalrous, but a man of business. There is in you, my friend Demiane, a strange mixture of the hidalgo and the merchant. Which will prevail? Will there be a struggle, or will the two elements be agreeably combined to the end, without leaving you? He is running after a petticoat—it is written on his face. I should like to know if he will succeed."

Indeed, Demiane was running very much, not after a single petticoat, but after a whole collection of the Princess's petticoats, starched and trimmed with lace, and enveloped in silver paper, and laid full length in enormous trunks, such trunks as the railway to Trouville—ill-advisedly refused to accept as luggage, because they would not fit in the vans. He had learnt that these happy petticoats were going by water—a very slow way—to rejoin their mistress at Astrakhan, from there to Bakou, from there to Tiflis, and from Tiflis to Piatigorsk, where they would go by porters, which was a not much quicker way. The Princess had left Moscow on the morning of the same day on which Demiane had announced his project to M. Roussoff; she was accom-

panied by her husband, in a coach, a *femme de chambre*, a second *femme de chambre*—a third, specially devoted to the care of the petticoats, followed them in their Volgian navigation—by two footmen, the first *vale de chambre* of the Prince, the second *vale de chambre* (who, indeed, waited on the first), Pouf, the Prince's King Charles; Frisette, the Princess's greyhound, with a woman to attend them. The cook, with his two assistants, the majordomo, with his secretary, charged with writing the *menus* on a pale green Bristol cardboard destined for the Princess, had gone by another train, and, for the remainder of the household, they hoped to find sufficient there to make up any deficiency.

Clothed, not in a dust-coloured mantle, but in a pretty sable paletot, which was at the time fashionable, Demiane had seen all the carriages depart. He had not seen the Princess, not knowing where to seek her in this Babel of equipages and horses; but she had seen him very well, and had carefully prevented him from knowing it.

When autumn arrives, when the time has come to strip the orchards for fear that the rains and early frosts should injure the fruit, the careful amateur transfers to no one the duty of trying the beautiful pears from his favourite trees. Some are good immediately; others will be so in a week; others indeed must be kept till the beginning of next year. The connoisseur may find one more beautiful than another, and reserve it, saying: "This one can wait; it will improve by passing the winter in my store cupboard; it will scarcely, even by March, have attained its full flavour and maturity." After having assured herself that he was quite secure, and held by a firm thread, the Princess had consigned Demiane to the highest shelf in her store cupboard.

The imprudent fellow did not suspect that in pursuing his fairy he ran a risk of breaking the net with which fairies love to surround themselves; the magician herself had not foreseen so great and moving a zeal. Happily, she knew nothing of it, and the evil that one ignores does not exist, at least so long as one ignores it. Demiane, moreover, was not going a wild goose chase in thus following the Princess; he vaguely felt encouragement in the indication that she had given of Piatigorsk; he felt that she would not have so clearly designed the town if she had not thought that he might rejoin her there. But the Caucasus was far away, and the season short. What did it matter? Demiane was young, ambitious, impatient; he would be better anywhere than at Moscow while waiting for what destiny promised him.

The view from Jaroslav is one of the most beautiful in Russia, not on the land side—in that direction it resembles many others—but along the Volga. With its high battlemented ramparts, its churches with gilded cupolas, its steep verdant cliffs which extended above, it is difficult, in spring, to imagine anything more beautiful and unique.

"They should love music here," said Demiane, who was on the ramparts the evening of their arrival, while he was gazing at the river, covered with white and red sails, lively with the ferries which transported from one bank to the other, animals, carriages, carts, and simple foot-passengers. Groups of peasants, young and old; women with heads enfolded in linen like the holy women in Italian pictures; children with red shirts; men with woollen stockings held up by thongs of skin, the old-fashioned red felt bonnet on their chestnut locks—were grouped about the square ferry-boats, manned by robust boatmen, who worked sometimes with the pole, sometimes with the oar. They exchanged appeals, rallying cries; the horses pranced, pawing the sounding wood with their hoofs; the sheep bleated, crowding each other in their fright; and above, the beautiful morning sun threw rays of gold and red, which shone in the distance on the large pieces of fine white linen spread in the meadows to bleach, which looked like oriflammes on the battle-field.

"It is a rich country," replied Victor, less enthusiastic and more positive. "Life has an air of being very easy, and money does not seem scarce."

Indeed, in all the *traptirs*, all the hostelleries, one could hear songs and laughter. A troupe of Tziganes were playing on the tambourine in the great hall of the principal hotel, and everyone seemed to take pleasure in listening to their odd melodies and refrains. In a public-house two fine fellows, from the bank of the Volga, were dancing a mad *triptaka*, striking the ground with their heels, bounding, jumping, dancing, almost at a level with the earth, their legs bent, in a position that defies all the laws of equilibrium.

"What a pity," said Demiane, smiling, "that my new dignities forbid my joining them! I am sure I could dance for at least an hour with pleasure."

"In so joyous a town there should always be a ball," suggested Victor.

"Ah! my friend, the fine days of the *gesellschaft* are over! A first prize from the Conservatoire should only show himself in a black coat and white gloves."

They went to bed without dancing, but not without music; for, leaning on the terrace which crowned the proud belt of ramparts, now no longer needed, they listened far into the warm clear night to the chorus of the boatmen who were descending the river, and allowed themselves to be rocked to sleep by the old-fashioned quartettes, whose origin is unknown, and which make one think of dreamland songs.

The next day the two brothers paid their official visits, and learned that nothing was easier than to give a concert. At Jaroslav everyone sought amusement: a concert was not more wearisome than anything else, above all if one uses it as a pretext to show a pretty toilette or to stay away from business. One difficulty alone arose: the ordinary accompanist of the concerts was in bed, very ill, and for a whole month he had been unable to come before the public, and perhaps that happiness would never again be his in this world.

"What is the matter with him, poor fellow?" asked Demiane of the young scribbler, passionately fond of music, who was making him these confidences in the Mayor's office.

The other lifted his head towards heaven, and lifted his hand, half closed, towards his lips. In all languages, spoken and mimicked, this gesture has the same signification.

"He drinks? One is not ill of that for a month!"

"He has drunk," replied the young man; "to tell truth, he is now in the hospital suffering from *delirium tremens*; but do not speak of this in the other towns."

"Rest assured," replied Demiane. "I shall be mute, the more so as I do not believe that Jaroslav is alone in this respect; there are everywhere musicians too fond of drinking. Tell me only how they manage when this interesting being is in the hospital and anyone wishes to give a concert."

"It is rather awkward. The ladies of the town are very obliging; many of them are good musicians, and willingly accompany amateurs; but for a stranger—"

"I can be introduced," said Demiane, whom nothing daunted. "We are well-educated people. And, besides, I have letters of recommendation."

He went through the letters. One of them was to a gouty old gentleman who played exceedingly well on a clarinet. His wife was a flirt and ill-tempered, qualities which are not so rare as one could wish; her daughter was ugly and more of a coquette, but less ill-tempered.

"That is all the same to me," said our friend; "I did not come here either to marry or flirt. Do you think I can find among these people some one to accompany me?"

"The daughter does not play badly; she accompanies very well, but she has never played in public. I do not know if she would be willing to venture—"

"Bah!" said Demiane, "for a first prize of the violin."

They all three went to see the gouty General, who was enchanted to meet a famous musician with honours from the Conservatoire.

"We shall play my duet for the clarinet and violin," he said. "I rarely have an opportunity. The townspeople find it too difficult, and I will enlist you a public as numerous as amiable

—all the friends of my wife and daughter, and they have for friends all the ladies of the town. Eh! Penguin?"

Penguin appeared under the form of a crabbed old man, with stubby grey hair, clothed in grey, with moustaches besmeared with tobacco, and one hand behind his back, the other hanging at his side, and it was so short that it scarcely reached his pocket.

"You see what short arms he has," said the General; "that is why we call him Penguin. Penguin, go and tell Madame that a winner of the first violin prize has come from Moscow to give a concert; ask her to come immediately."

The person thus addressed grumbled a sort of assent and disappeared. One could hear behind the doors a prolonged sort of altercation, in which the hoarse voice of Penguin recurred now and again as the theme in a sonata with these words, "It is the General's order."

"I hope it does not disturb your wife," said Demiane, politely.

This General, so devoted to music, whose equanimity nothing disturbed, shook his hand to indicate that that was not of the least consequence.

"Do not pay any attention," said the General; "she is always like that."

Victor thought that with such a home the General was doubly unfortunate to suffer from gout; but just as he was throwing his brother an expressive glance, the General's wife appeared in a straw bonnet trimmed with ribbon, and a large brooch with a portrait representing her husband, son, and daughter, the last very young and with a mouth awry, but the artist alone was to blame for these defects, which exposed the poor children to ill-natured comments on the part of those who had never seen them.

Seeing Victor, the ill-temper of madame displayed itself by a grimace; but the presence of Demiane appealed to the coquettish element, and the grimace became a smile without gaining much by the transformation.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"There are some gentlemen who have come to give a concert. Verlomine has sent them."

"Not me," said Victor, always scrupulously honest.

"That is no matter," said the General. "I shall play my duet"—his wife visibly shrugged her shoulders—"Madame Brodof can sing a song, and Vilsky another, or perhaps the two together can sing a duet. But who will accompany them? Cannot Mavroucha?"

"Mavroucha can not," said Madame, "spend the greater part of her time in rehearsals with these young men!"

The inscrutable mother's eye glared hard at the General, disdainfully at Victor, and with admiration, tempered with severity, upon Demiane.

"Well—little Helen?"

"Little Helen: that is quite another matter! Her mother lets her run wild! They let her go with anyone!"

"Madame . . . the name of —, the mother of this young lady will consent?" asked Demiane, very much embarrassed to find a suitable appellation for little Helen's mother.

"Oh! she always consents!" said Madame, shrugging her shoulders more than ever, and making the brooch at her neck dance.

Victor began to form a very bad opinion of little Helen's mother; but he was a severe moralist, and Demiane bore no malice.

"When can she be seen?" he said.

"Monsieur will conduct you," she said, motioning towards the official with her chin.

"You will come and tell me how you have arranged—will you not?" said the General, as the young people were going out. "You should have invited them to tea," he said to his wife when they had gone.

"People about whom we know nothing!" she said disdainfully.

"But if Verlomine sends them here?"

"You do not know, General, how to watch over a young girl," replied his wife. "When we know more about them, perhaps we can give them an invitation."

"Yes," murmured the General, "when they have left."

## Hope for the East End.

THE accompanying sketch represents the People's Palace in the East End of London, which the Queen has promised to open on the 14th of the present month. The foundation-stone was laid in June last by the Prince of Wales.

For several years the thoughts of those interested in the condition of the millions of human beings residing in the dreary labyrinth of East London had been turning towards some such project as that which is just being brought to a successful termination, but wide public interest was roused in the subject by the publication in 1882 of Mr. Walter Besant's fascinating book, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." It is not often that it is thus granted to a novelist to see the airy fabric of his vision remain permanently embodied in a material edifice.

The cost of the new building is £100,000. Of this amount, £12,500 was obtained from the Beaumont Trust Fund, and £20,000 was munificently contributed by the Drapers' Company. Other donations have been made, which bring the total amount received to £70,000.

The Palace has been sorely needed, for the surrounding region is a very dreary one—winding mazes of streets, monotonous by day in their grey dinginess, sombre by night except during the busy hours, when the vendors of cheap goods exhibit their innumerable lights; noisy at all times from the rattling and crashing of vans and heavy drays over the roughly-paved thoroughfares.

On fine evenings and Saturday afternoons the side walks of the Whitechapel Road, broad as they are, are thronged with the residents in the smaller streets, who emerge thence to find in the wider highways their promenade and place of assembly. Costumes and faces are equally varied, but one often sees slouching and indifferent attitudes, and soon begins to feel in himself the effect of the heavy atmosphere and monotonous prospect. Nature and her vagaries are far away, and the mind begins to narrow itself down to the contemplation of a long series of toilsome days spent in supplying the most elementary wants, and evenings which bring no admission to the magic worlds of music and art.

Ruskin tells of the grey cliffs of solitary stone which mediaeval builders reared beside busy market-places to raise men's minds at

times above their daily preoccupations; but in the utilitarian dinginess and squareness of Whitechapel there is little to stimulate thought or to induce the bright serenity from which art and complete life may spring.

For the last fourteen years or more the Rev. S. A. Barnett, the vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, with the assistance of the coadjutors whom he has successively attracted around him, has been endeavouring to raise the character of the people in the district by improving and teaching them to improve the conditions under which their life must be lived, and by bringing before them some of the searching thoughts, the lofty ideals, and the exquisite fancies which have sprung up elsewhere under very different conditions of human life. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have lent their assistance. In 1884, with the approval and direction of many of the most distinguished members of the

visited the exhibition. In 1885 the number had increased to 46,763, and 1,700 catalogues were sold. The exhibition of this Easter was opened by Sir G. Trevelyan, who referred in his address to the liberality of the old Athenians, who, at their own expense, put costly dramas on the public stage, and to the Romans of the Empire, who, in a thousand provincial cities, spent their wealth in "delighting and refining the world at large with art embodied in architecture, in statuary, and in musical and scenic representations."

In order to see what of "Music, Art, and Romance" might be found in Whitechapel, two of the representatives of this magazine paid a visit to this year's exhibition on the Saturday after it was opened. Guided by the red-lettered boards of the "sandwich men" in the Whitechapel Road, we turned into Commercial Street, and presently found ourselves before the mosaic

representing Watts' "Time, Death, and Judgment," which is inserted in the church tower of St. Jude's, facing the street. The mosaic was placed there in commemoration of the yearly art exhibition, and was uncovered by Matthew Arnold. The entrance to the stone passage leading to the exhibition was indicated by a gay flag and a group of boys, who greeted us with the information that the exhibition was free. Entering room No. 1 we found most visitors congregated around two large paintings of

"The Queen's First Council," by Wilkie, and "The Queen's Coronation Sacrament," by Leslie. Reference to the catalogue shows that these pictures have been lent from Windsor Castle by the Queen. Near by were Val Prinsep's storm-beaten "Odin" and P. F. Poole's mirthful "Puck," and across the room Burne-Jones's "Days of Creation," surrounded by an eager group, unravelling the symbolism with the aid of the catalogue, and wondering, perhaps, why the angels' faces evinced no more gladness whilst the framing and furnishing of the earth advanced.

It may be, however, that the melancholy of the "aesthetic" school will find more sympathy in the careworn East than among the Philistines of the West. It was a great pleasure to see the delight of several parties of children as their curious eyes fastened on the wonders around them. Some subjects were quickly recognised, but for others they eagerly listened to the words of explanation given by the friend who escorted each group. Mr. Richard Doyle's mysterious old "Pied Piper of Hamelin" once more entranced the childish mind; and some young faces contemplated with infinite satisfaction the fresh spring landscape where Mr. Walter Crane's shepherd makes music for etherealised village girls.



On entering the upper rooms of the Schoolhouse where the Exhibition is held, one is struck by the contrast between the ideal and the real, the past and the present. Behind us are the dying Christian and the furious tigers of Briton Rivière's "Roman Holiday," and in front, through the windows is seen a block of the Model Lodging Houses with which the neighbourhood has been covered. Along the balconies people are continually passing, and children gaily swing to and fro, polishing in this informal way the encircling iron balustrade. But the fairy world is nearer. There we can wander in "Russet Woods" and under solemn "Pines"; over blue Cornish seas, and to the sun-tinted Alps. We see Sweden in the North, and Cairo in the South. The silent masters not only depict but teach. Turner's "Shipwreck" tells of the struggle between man and inexorable Nature; Herkomer's "Bavarian Village" of that between the individual and Society; Ivey's "St. Francis of Assisi" of that between man and his own passions. Our pilgrimage brings to us a strange variety of acquaintances, Arthurian knights and Spanish muleteers, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and—not inappropriately—"Alice in Wonderland."

What will be the effect of these ideas on the 50,000 persons who may have visited the exhibition this Easter? Juvenile story-tellers will, perhaps, delight their circle in the attic with the increased riches of their romances. Some young men may perhaps be taught more reverence for women. And it may be that the older visitors will find it easier to believe in fairer worlds on seeing beauty wrought out in this, and from this transient glimpse of loveliness see more henceforward in the things of common life. Does not Goethe say that after visiting the Dresden Gallery he perceived in a humble cobbler's workroom a fine mellow-toned Flemish interior?

All whom the exhibition has quickened with a desire to claim their share in the ever-growing inheritance of thought, will be certain to find at Toynbee Hall and St. Jude's both guidance and sympathy. Such assistance can the more easily be rendered because the activities of the members and associates are not bound by any cast-iron organisation. "The object of Toynbee Hall is not to collect men together to do a certain piece of work, but to live a certain kind of life." "The unity is one of sympathy much more than of opinion." Accordingly each member throws himself into the work for which he feels best fitted. Should one leave, his form of work may even be temporarily neglected. But the disadvantages attending such individualistic methods are outweighed by the benefits secured. Free play is given to all sides of character. Men can become better pioneers—and how much of social reform is pioneering at present! The rich and the poor can better meet together, and work can be done with people instead of for them. And what is done by the magic of personal individual influence especially promotes the object of all true philanthropic effort, the amelioration of character.

These principles find practical expression at Toynbee Hall in very many different ways. One flourishing branch of the work is the Whittington Boys' Club, which was formally opened by Prince Edward of Wales. It originated one Thursday evening, when a new member was introduced into the presence of five small boys, whom he "was to amuse for a couple of hours under the gimlet eyes of two experienced critics." Boxing was taught, and proved so popular that a club was formed, which soon numbered fifty or sixty members. Older boys joined, and another room was added. A good many proved apt pupils, able to draw blood from their instructor! Gymnastics, bagatelle, chess, etc., were introduced, and a Cadet Corps was formed. Along with the advance in the boys' physical development a much better tone sprang up among them. Board School playgrounds have been opened on Saturday days, and children have been taught to play games instead of indulging in rough horse-play. Well-directed efforts have been made also to be of service to Board School teachers, especially by showing the intrinsic beauty of literature to minds weary of cramming and percentages. To this end reading parties have been formed to read and discuss "books," such as Charles

Lamb would have understood by the term—"In Memoriam," "The Pickwick Papers," George Eliot, "Alton Locke." One such party began Kingsley's "Water Babies," thinking it a silly nursery book, but ended with finding it too deep for them.

A great deal of entertaining goes on at Toynbee Hall. It was said that the residents strove "to save people's souls alive by pianos, pictures, and parties." Certainly, the principle is acted upon that the things which delight and instruct the rich may similarly affect the man of humbler means. Opportunities have been given for working men with their families to entertain one another. Photographs and pictures are disposed about the rooms, and the skill of the great in the musical world is lent to render the plaintive ideas of Schumann, and the soul-stirring aspirations of Beethoven and Mozart.

Music is heartily welcomed, both as an exquisite pleasure and as a means of teaching what cannot otherwise be taught. On Sunday nights there is a "worship hour" in the church from 8.30 to 9.30 p.m. Surrounded by photographs from great masters, the congregation listen with breathless interest to selections from the best sacred music, vocal and instrumental. The services of professional musicians are frequently obtained. Good music of a lighter kind is provided by the Popular Ballad Concert Choral Class. A violin class is well attended; and there is a band for playing in the open air. It is also part of the multifarious duties undertaken by the Entertainment Committee "to increase musical interest with the aid of glee clubs, violin trios, and solo and chorus songs."

It is an encouraging thing to know that many of the forms of work which have been carried on at Toynbee Hall so successfully will be developed, with improved facilities, at the People's Palace. Athletic clubs will centre around it; gymnasium and a swimming bath will be provided; there will be a winter garden and a concert hall, with bands to play in the recreation grounds; and its classes in literature, science, and art will make of it a University as well as a Palace for the people of East London.

## Musical Life in London.

**T**HE Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts, which, since Mme. Schumann's and Herr Joachim's arrival, have attracted large audiences, though no novelties of any kind have been offered, were brought to a conclusion for the season on April 2nd and 4th, amid excitement quite unprecedented in their history. These concerts were the 99th and 100th, marking a point in the history of the series which Mr. Arthur Chappell's friends did well to celebrate as they did. And the director had so arranged the programme that, taken together, it may be said every one of the principal artistes "on the staff" (if I may adopt the journalist's word) appeared there. On Saturday afternoon the great attraction was in the playing of those consummate artistes, Mme. Neruda, Herr Joachim, and Mr. Charles Hallé; and Bach's Double Concerto, played by the two violinists, with Mr. Hallé rendering the piano-forte version of the accompaniment, was a perfect treat, touching even a case-hardened old sceptic like myself with something of a thrill of unwonted delight. Mr. Hallé played Beethoven's F Major Sonata with his peculiar neatness and irreproachable style, and gave as an encore the beautiful Scherzo from Op. 31, No. 3. The other most noticeable features in this concert were the playing of Spohr's Double Quartet in E Minor (Herr Joachim leading the one set of four players and Mme. Neruda the other), and Mr. Santley's very fine rendering of Schubert's "Erl-King," the accompaniment to which, by the way, was played by that very clever artiste, Mr. Sidney Naylor.

BUT the Monday Popular Concert, being the 100th, the last and crowning one of the season, was the most sensationally interesting. St. James's Hall was

packed from floor to ceiling, and many disappointed enthusiasts were turned away for want of room. The programme, which will be interesting for comparison when another thousandth is reached, I give nearly in full as follows:—

QUARTET in G major, Op. 17, No. 5, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello ..... Haydn.  
MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUSS, and PIATTI.

ALLEGRETTO } From Sonata in D Major, Op. 18, for AND Pianoforte and Violoncello .. Rubinstein.  
ALLEGRO } Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN and SIGMUND PIATTI.

TEMPO DI MINUETTO, for two Violins ..... Sjöström.  
Madame NORMAN-NERUDA and HERR JOACHIM.

NOCTURNE in D flat major } For Pianoforte ..... Chopin.  
NOVELLETTE in F major } alone. Schumann.  
Madame SCHUMANN.

HUNGARIAN DANCES, Nos. 10, 18, and 7, for Violin and Pianoforte ..... Brahms Joachim.  
Herr JOACHIM and Miss FANNIE DAVIES.

QUINTET in E flat, Op. 44, for Pianoforte, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello ..... Scämmer.  
Madame SCHUMANN, Herr JOACHIM.

Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. STRAUSS and PIATTI.  
With two songs by Mr. SANTLEY and one by Miss LIZA SCHUMANN.

\* \* \*

Every artiste was received with the heartiest applause, and at the close Mr. Chappell—who later in the evening had a beautiful gold watch and an address presented to him by some of his friends—was summoned to the platform and had to submit to a tremendous ovation.

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THE second Philharmonic Concert did honour to English music by the performance of Mr. F. H. Cowen's Scandinavian Symphony, conducted by the composer. I have too often spoken of the merits of this superb "love picture" for any repetition of my judgment being needed. Mr. Cowen, like Sir Arthur Sullivan, is not a conductor of the electric order, but he always secures a careful and correct performance, and in some cases, as in the accompaniments to Herr Leopold Aver's rather eccentric playing of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, to do this required no common skill. Herr Aver was once better known in England than he is now, as a number of years have elapsed since his last visit to this country. There can be no doubt that he is a violinist of the first order, with wonderful powers of execution, and a pure singing tone that is very delightful. In this piece, however, he seemed, especially in the last movement, to be striving too much for sensational effects, hurrying the time almost to an impossible speed, which, by the way, is also one of Sarasate's favourite devices. The "symphonie concertante," for oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, attributed to Mozart, is—whether written by him or not—very poor stuff indeed. Mlle. Nordica was the vocalist. She has a voice of extensive compass and some power of execution, but her style can hardly be described as very finished.

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At the Crystal Palace, on March 19th, Joachim played Bruch's violin concerto, one of the pleasantest productions of that not very interesting composer, and Tartin's "Trillo del Diavolo." The symphony was one not previously heard in this country, a work of M. Widor's, French composer of some repute, in A, but it hardly justifies the pains taken over its performance, for it struck me as singularly noisy, discordant, and dull. Much better was Mr. Henry Gadsby's Orchestral Scene, "The Forest of Arden," which is tuneful and unpretentious. Miss Adelaide Mullens sang "Hear, ye Israel," in a style that augured well for her future, by the earnestness and feeling she displayed. The Easter holidays suspended these concerts for a short time; they were resumed on April 9, when Madame Norman-Neruda played in her own beautiful style, and Schubert's great Symphony No. 9 was performed. The closing concert of the season took place on April 16, when Beethoven's Choral Fantasy, with Herr Kwast, a clever pianist, and son-in-law of the late Ferdinand Hiller, at the piano, and the Choral Symphony.

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Of concerts of the month perhaps the most interesting was the "Song Recital," given by Mr. F. H. Cowen at the Steinway Hall. Mmes. Davies, Damiani, Hutchinson, Mackenzie, Fassett, and Phillips, and Messrs. Lloyd and King, sang a number of songs, most of them fresh from Mr. Cowen's workshop, and all instinct with the singularly graceful tune and feeling this composer imparts to everything he writes. Mr. Max Pauer has given two piano-forte recitals, in which his thorough training under that veteran and true artiste, his father, was shown. Herr Schonberger has given another recital, but has not thereby appreciably advanced himself in public favour. "Mors et Vita" was given by the Novello Choir, with Mdlle. Trebelli singing the soprano music, and Madame Patey, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley. Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, once so famous, has also given a concert.

J. J. B.

MAY, 1887.

## Chopin.

## HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

**I**N the intellectual life of all civilised nations, minds from time to time appear, who are only to be understood and adequately appreciated by future generations that have reached a higher level of culture. For centuries this has happened so often both in art and science, that it is now universally acknowledged that a great mind is not understood and comprehended until he has departed from our midst and decades have passed over his grave. Though this may not have been the case with all our poets and savants, it certainly has been the fate of most of them, and the saying, that every genius is in advance of his time, may be taken as an almost unshaken truth.

The cause of this so often recurring fact is well known to most intelligent people. Poets and thinkers often give utterance to new and unexpected ideas, which to the mass of mankind are strange, incomprehensible, not easily grasped. Not being versed in the history of art or literature, people make no effort to comprehend new thoughts, treating them with indifference or perhaps even with active hostility. It is well known that this has happened frequently not only in literature, but also in music.

Among the musicians of modern times who have not received universal appreciation and recognition till after death, we must name Chopin. His works certainly were played and admired during his lifetime, but for the most part only in exclusive circles. The number of executants at that time was small, and Chopin himself did very little to make his works more generally known by playing them himself in public. He had, however, the good fortune to find an interpreter who, in a certain sense, was better able even than Chopin to perform them with due expression, especially the passages requiring bravura and strength. Chopin himself acknowledged this often with touching gratitude. This interpreter was the hero of pianoforte virtuosi—*Franz Liszt*.

Not only has Liszt assisted to render the works of Chopin appreciated by his performances, but still more by a work on Chopin's life and course of education. This remarkable book is the result of a truly enthusiastic admiration. Liszt speaks, in this book of his colleague and rival, in terms of admiration and veneration, almost approaching to apotheosis. It is only to be regretted that the great master says so little about the works themselves and their rendering, rather occupying himself with Chopin's character and the circumstances of his life. Liszt, who better than anyone else might have given an analysis, hints on the technique, the spirit, and the performance of these works, would have placed the whole musical world under the greatest obligation, had he added a second part to his book treating particularly these subjects.

Frédéric Franz Chopin was born on the 1st March, 1809, in Zelazowa-Wola, a village in the neighbourhood of Warsaw. His parents were people of a good middle-class position. Their industry, plious activity, and purity exercised an ennobling influence on the young lad. His delicate temperament, like an *Aeolian harp*, was easily and sympathetically touched by all the emotions of mind and soul. Chopin's father, Nicolaus, was a native of France. He was born in Nancy on the 17th April, 1770. He was educated there, and received an appointment as tutor to the children of the Starosta Laczynska when yet quite a young man. This occasioned his removal to Warsaw. In a short time he became universally liked, and was much in demand as a teacher of the French language. In 1810 he was appointed French professor at the Lyceum of Warsaw, and a few years later he became engaged in a similar capacity at the Artillery and Military Training School. At the same time he kept a boarding school, which was very well

attended, and, consequently, he enjoyed a considerable income.

In 1806 he married a well-educated amiable Polish lady, Justina Krzyzanowska, who presented him with three daughters and one son, the hereafter world-renowned Frédéric. The latter's year of birth was generally given as 1810, according to his father's statement. He himself was not quite sure of the year. His latest biographer and countryman, Karasowski, asserts that Frédéric was born on the 1st of March, 1809, which date he says to have received from Chopin's family. We see no reason to doubt this statement, for he produces numerous letters from the composer which he has received from Chopin's family, and more especially from his sister.

The intellectually greatly-gifted parents gave their children the best possible education. Frédéric, a tenderly-organised boy, showed at a very early age great inclination for music, being even moved to tears by touching melodies. He began to study music when in his ninth year with an enthusiastic pupil of Sebastian Bach, Albert Zywna, who directed his studies for many years, according to the principles of a severely classical school. He was made to work seriously and conscientiously in order that he might become some day a master in his art.



Chopin, therefore, did not belong to those prodigies who begin to play when scarcely finished with the feeding-bottle, and who would be giving concerts when Chopin was still busy with elementary studies. With his talents and love for his art, he made such immense progress as to enable him soon to play in public. At the same time he attended the College at Warsaw, where he received his higher education. As a boy of fifteen he is described thus:

"Gentle, sensitive, excellent in every respect, he possessed all the charms of youth with the dignity of a more mature age. Delicate he ever remained both in body and in mind. For his want of muscular development he was compensated by a singularly beautiful physiognomy, of a type neither masculine nor feminine, neither young nor old. He seemed one of those ideal beings which the poetry of the Middle Ages employed for adorning Christian churches. A countenance of angelic beauty, like that of a lovely woman, a figure pliant and pure like an Olympian god, gifted with a mind tender yet severe, pure yet passionate. This being could only comprehend what was identical with him, or, at least, congenial with his tastes. Everything else was to him a wild dream from which he tried to escape, though in the midst of life. Always absorbed in his imaginations, he held aloof from stern realities. He had numerous friends, and had formed an exalted idea of friendship. Even at the age of his first disillusionments he held firmly

to the belief that his friends, brought up like him, and with the same principles, would never change their views and never be drawn into contradiction to himself."

Owing to his good education and his natural "gracefulness, he was so charming in his manners that he pleased every one with whom he came into contact. His lovely face attracted every stranger; his weakness of frame made him interesting in the eyes of women; his many-sided intellect, the sweet, winning originality of his conversation won him the attention of learned men. People gifted with less observance, and of less finely tempered character, were captivated by his exquisite politeness, and were the more easily taken by it as they did not understand in their good humour that this politeness was only the observance of a duty in which the heart had no part. Had they been able to understand him, they would have said that he was more lovable than loving; and they would have been right as far as they were concerned. Where, however, he truly loved, his inclinations were the more deep and passionate. In his daily intercourse he developed a most charming behaviour. All forms of benevolence he exercised with exceptional grace; when expressing his gratitude he did it with such deep feeling that it repaid doubly any favours done to him."

At school, Chopin won the hearts of all his comrades by his loving disposition, and became the special friend of the Prince Borys Czetwertynski and his brothers. Almost all feasts and holidays he spent at the house of the Princess Czetwertynska, who was devoted to music, and soon discovered Chopin's extraordinary talent. According to Liszt, her salon was one of the most brilliant and most frequented in Warsaw. There, Chopin became acquainted with the most noble ladies of that town and with those beauties who were famed far and wide, Warsaw having at that time a European reputation for the splendour, elegance, and charm of its high society. At the Princess's house he was introduced and received invitations to the parties of the Countess Zamyska, the Princess Jablonowska, Lowicz, and other ladies of the aristocracy. Chopin often related in after times how these assemblies were like scenes from fairy-land. There he began to learn how much melody, rhythm, and feeling the national dances contained and were able to express, whilst he was watching these lovely fairies at their gorgeous magical festivities, attired and adorned with all that brilliancy and charm which so attract men's hearts. There, when his fingers wandered over the keys, suddenly conjuring forth expressive melodies, he could notice how the silent tears flowed from the eyes of loving girls and young women, and caused the eyes of

young men to shine with longing for fame and love. There a young girl would place her beautiful arm on the instrument pleading for a prelude, and in her eyes he read the melody of her heart. There he saw how in the Mazurka the pure grace of his splendid compatriots developed itself, and he preserved an imperishable impression of the charm of their passionate emotion and modest reticence.

Besides the above-named families Chopin was patronised by the Princes Radziwill, Gartoryski, Sapieha, Lubocki, the Counts Skarbek, Wolicki, &c.

These first experiences and observations in the refined and cultured circles of the Polish aristocracy, in which the outward form hid no cold heart, convinced Chopin that propriety and decorum, instead of being a uniform mask which takes away every individuality of character, were rather calculated to restrain the passions without stifling them, to take away the roughness of tone which deforms them, to liberate them from the realistic expressions which degrade and render them vulgar, from violence, which weakens, and exuberance, which exhausts, them—in short, that propriety and decorum ennoble all men and advance every virtue.

From this excellent description of Liszt's we see how Chopin became one of the refined aristocracy by his education and daily intercourse, his sentiments and feelings being greatly influenced by it. This Karasowski proves by further details. He was not only

Pole by birth, but with heart and soul ; all the fibres of his existence were deeply rooted in his fatherland, its customs and modes of feeling and thought completely penetrating him. These modes of thought and feeling found, as a matter of course, expression in his works, and this explains the national character and the originality of his creations. But, before passing on to these, I will first pursue the account of his life.

So far, we only know the elegiac, sentimental young artist, but he showed himself in his boyish years to possess great humour and even sarcasm, and to be always ready for a joke. Not only was he fond of playing now and then a practical joke on others, but he was able to copy and take off little foibles and laughable habits of people, thanks to his talent for caricature and his penetrating gifts of observation. He could draw caricatures with great cleverness. Once he took off one of his masters, a man of exceptional merit, who, however, smilingly forgave the talented boy. The little mocker spared neither artists, savants, nor friends. With few drastic words he characterised everyone he came in contact with.

This cheerfulness gradually disappeared when the cares of life began to oppress him. Sad affairs of the heart rendered him quite melancholy, and he often longed for deliverance from all the woes of this earth. His childhood only, and the middle part of his sojourn in Paris, were full of sunshine. He was led from one aristocratic salon to the other—Iived, honoured, and admired everywhere. King Louis, and the whole aristocracy of birth and mind, vied to obtain the presence of the talented Pole, who poured out the sufferings and pains of his native country in sweetly melancholic melodies, moving all hearts to sympathy.

But, to return to his boyhood. His studies in composition he completed in Warsaw with Professor Elsner, from the Conservatoire—a well-known, honourable musician, who gave him a thorough theoretical education. Unremitting private study raised him to that lofty position among artists, where he is now admired by posterity.

spondence forms an excellent training in the art of clear exposition, and Mr. Kingston had, moreover, an opportunity of cultivating the lighter elegances of style in the letters to the *Daily Telegraph* with which he relieved the tedium of his diplomatic labours. Mr. Kingston must have been quite an ideal *Daily Telegraph* correspondent. His manner is more suggestive of Fleet Street than of Paternoster Row, and he knows all the little tricks of the newspaper style. Instead of Liszt, we hear of "the Canon of Albano"; instead of Brahms, we hear of "the author of the German Requiem"; instead of Wagner, we hear of "the great Saxon composer"; we hear of Lucca in one sentence and Von Rhaden in the next, and we feel rather puzzled until we recollect (supposing we know it) that "Von Rhaden" happens to be Lucca's unfamiliar married name. But this is a trifle after all. Mr. Kingston has the excellencies, if he has the faults, of a slashing journalist. His manner is bright and sparkling, and he shows a sly humour which has a strong flavour of Mark Twain. Unfortunately, he also resembles Mark Twain in his tendency to exaggeration. Like Mr. Labou here in the political world, he *will* have his little joke, though it should sometimes be at the expense of facts. We must, therefore, warn the reader to lay in a considerable supply of salt before sitting down to these volumes, as the usual grain will not be nearly sufficient.

Mr. Kingston does not bore us by a too frequent use of the first person singular, a failing to which Dr. Engel is somewhat addicted. But his references of this kind are interesting, if few in number. He was introduced to Liszt in Vienna by Johann Herbeck. "This strange to say, is an Englishman who loves and understands music," said Herbeck. As Liszt heard this improbable statement, the somewhat severe expression of his features was relaxed in a kindly, compassionate smile that seemed to say, "Very likely, you believe so, you poor good Herbeck, because you are the kindest, fewest alive, and the most easily taken in; but I know better." But Liszt had afterwards reason to change his opinion. It was in Rome, at one of the *soirées* given by the Princess O——, that Liszt next met Mr. Kingston. An arrangement of his "Tasso" happened to be lying on one of the two magnificent pianos in the salon, and the Princess expressed a desire to hear it. But who would venture to take the part for the second piano? To read "Tasso" at sight was bad enough; to play it along with Liszt, appalling. At last Mr. Kingston stepped forward. As he took his seat at the piano he felt like a man who has been told off for a forlorn hope, but he soon warmed to his work, and when the duet was over he was rewarded with three words from Liszt—"Herbeck avait raison"—"Herbeck was right." On the 11th of April last year, Liszt took lunch with Mr. Kingston at his house in London, and then referred to this little incident which had occurred sixteen years before, referring to Mr. Kingston's recollection other circumstances which he had himself forgotten.

The personal element merges into the historical in Mr. Kingston's reminiscences of his friends in Vienna in the sixties. Twenty years ago, Brahms, Rubinstein, and Joachim had already made their mark in Vienna. Epstein and Von Bülow were then familiarising the Viennese with the last four or five gigantic sonatas of Beethoven. Goldmark had just succeeded in having the first of his string quartets performed. Mr. Kingston seems to have moved about freely in the midst of this circle of celebrities. He tells us how he once played at a musical party with Joachim in one of Beethoven's violin and pianoforte sonatas. Brahms had been asked to take the part, but had

abruptly left the room, saying that he was no accompanist! Rubinstein assisted in a less ambitious capacity, having been introduced to the great pianist as a pest master in the art of turning over!

Pepi Hellmesberger, then a boy of ten, had created a sensation by his performance in Mozart's comic sextet in February, 1867. He was attired for the nonce in silk smalls and stockings, knee buckles, bag-wig and powder, and sword, with lace-frills at breast and wrist, and the ladies declared him nice enough to eat! His father was orchestral instructor at the Conservatorium and leader of the Court Band. The conductorship of the Court Band was then in the hands of Johann Herbeck, apparently Mr. Kingston's most intimate friend, of whom he gives an amusing account:—

With the three exceptions of Hans Richter, Dr. Hans von Bülow, and Joseph Hellmesberger the elder, I have never known any "professional gifted with so exhaustive a musical memory as that of Johann Herbeck. Dr. Schelle and Count Laurencin—two eminent Viennese critics, of whom I shall have more to say anon—used to "cram" titles of obsolete compositions out of musical lexicons and cyclopedias, and stroll up to the Kapellmeister's rooms in the Graben—it was strolling "up" with a vengeance, for the apartment was on the fifth floor of an exasperatingly lofty house—on certain afternoons he invariably spent at home. In ten cases of twelve, his friends found him sitting at the piano, composing or arranging for the orchestra, a cigar smouldering on the instrument within his reach. Somehow or other, conversation at Herbeck's was always interspersed with musical illustrations. One or other of the conspirators would adroitly lead up to the name and musical period of the particular fossil they had disinterred for the occasion; let us call him Gurgelreisser, temp. early eighteenth century! "He was perhaps a little formal and crabbed," Scholle would remark, who had only committed his name and list of works to memory that very morning, and certainly had never heard a note of his music; "but there was good solid stuff in one or two of his concerted things. How about that *divertissement*, for instance, written for two shawms, two rebecs, sackbut, and psaltery! I forget how it goes. Of course, you know it, Herbeck." "You mean Opus 56, the one in E minor," would be the reply. "Now, I must say I find that uncommonly laboured and stiff, even for dear old Gurgelreisser, who has written matters far more genial, as you shall hear for yourselves. The *divertissement* opens thus: *Largo*, forty bars introductory, and then *allegro vivace*, the melody of which seems to me not very sympathetic." Whilst talking like this, in breaks, he would play through one *motivo* after another, exemplifying the methods of treatment until he had more or less succinctly eviscerated the entire work. Then, jerking his hair backwards and taking a pull at his cigar, he would continue: "What I consider to be a favourable specimen of Gurgelreisser's best manner is that sonata of his, Opus 87, you know, for Tuba Mirabilis, with harp accompaniments. Listen!" And off he would go into copious extracts from another long work, with which he probably possessed an unique acquaintance. So single-minded was he that he never suspected the traps that were laid for him on these occasions.

We find a similar but less complete sketch of Berlin at the same period, and some notes on music in Rome under the old Papal régime. But the gist of the book is actual rather than historical. It consists mainly of pictures of the present condition of music abroad, as compared with its condition at home, and we know of no book in which the various points of contrast are so clearly brought out. Mr. Kingston's graphic pen and keen insight will amuse those who have been abroad, and instruct the stay-at-homes.

\* \* \* Owing to pressure on our space we have been compelled to hold over the remaining portion of our notice.

## Literature of Music.

### Music and Manners.\*

#### I.

**M**R. BEATTY-KINGSTON has studied his Music and learned his Manners in a career of diplomacy which has made him familiar with Austria, Germany, Italy, Spain, Roumania, Servia, India, Egypt, and Japan. Unlike Mr. Haweis, who mixes his Morals with his Music, Mr. Kingston keeps his Manners and his Music quite distinct, and we may thus leave his Manners (Vol. II.) to speak for themselves. The musical part of these reminiscences may be compared with Dr. Engel's work, "From Mozart to Mario," which we reviewed last February, but the comparison will serve chiefly to point a contrast. Mr. Kingston is a younger man, and his career only covers five-and-twenty years, as against Dr. Engel's half a century. But the last quarter of a century means infinitely more to us than the quarter that preceded it, and it is not surprising that we find more to interest us in Mr. Kingston's five-and-twenty years than in Dr. Engel's fifty. The chief difference, however, is in point of style and literary form. Dr. Engel is no littérateur. His style is crude, and his materials ill-arranged. But Mr. Kingston is evidently a practised hand. Official corre-

\* Music and Manners. Personal Reminiscences and Sketches of Character. By W. Beatty-Kingston. 2 vols. (London: Chapman and Hall. 1887.)

## Love's Young Dream.

By JAMES WALTER BROWN,  
Author of "A Modern Troubadour," &c.

—O.—

I.

**A**N epicure banished from the haunts of civilization, and doomed to dwell among barbarians, to whom cookery is an unknown science,—an aesthete condemned by a cruel fate to have his habitation among the Philistine mockers,—a devout dowager, bereft of the ministrations of her pet Boanerges; all these are, doubtless, objects for sincere commiseration. But what are their sufferings in comparison with the privation of a passionate lover of the art, who from his youth up has lived, and moved, and had his being in a very Paradise of music, and whom the irony of circumstance has removed from thence to a dismal abode remote from all such pleasures?

This was the hard fortune of Mr. Philip Temple, a young gentleman whose vocation during the past five years had lain in the purloins of Gray's Inn, and whose hours of relaxation had been spent in flitting, butterfly-like, whithersoever the greatest musical attraction for the moment lay. Not that Temple had allowed pleasure to interfere with the study of his profession; indeed, he had recently passed with honours his final examination as a solicitor, and his general industry had been so marked as to secure him the full confidence of Messrs. Ferritt, Scrymgeour, Scrymgeour, and Ferritt, the gentlemen with whom he had kept his articles.

*Hinc illae lacryme;* for at this juncture a solicitor in the country, whose agents they were, happened to have in hand a particularly knotty Chancery suit, and had begged them to send a capable man to assist him on the spot. Now it was in the Chancery branch of their profession that Temple had been specially trained, and as Messrs. Ferritt and Co. were not sufficiently philanthropic to offer him a salary, seeing that his work could be done by another rising young gentleman, who had paid them a handsome premium for the privilege of doing it, at their suggestion he accepted the temporary appointment which has been mentioned.

It was with dismal forebodings that Temple arrived at this conclusion, and mournfully sighed adieu to opera and oratorio, concert and recital, matinée and musical reunion. He recalled with yearning regret the racy discussions at the Bohemian Club, where his place should know him no more for many a weary month; and generally conducted himself like an infatuated lover bidding farewell to the mistress of his heart. To continue the simile, as such forlorn swain in the parting moment craves some memento in the form of a ribbon or dainty glove that has been hallowed by the fair one's touch, so did Temple devote his last hours in London to collecting all the latest publications in his favourite art. These, with the stock he already possessed, filled a goodly-sized trunk, in one corner of which was carefully packed the case which contained his most precious violin. For, without being either a Rubinstein or a Joachim, Temple was a fairly good performer on both of the instruments which these artistes have made their own, and could also warble a tenor ballad, somewhat less artistically than Mr. Sims Reeves.

In due course Mr. Philip Temple found himself domiciled in a pretty little semi-detached villa on the outskirts of the small market-town of Lanerton, a good three hundred miles from the metropolis. And, naturally, one of the first requests he made of Mr. Routledge, after being installed in that gentleman's office, was for the name of the best music warehouse in the town where he could hire a pianoforte. Imagine his horror on being told that there was no such establishment in the place—no music-shop, no concert-hall, no theatre.

"Have you never any concerts here, or anything of that kind?" he asked Mr. Routledge.

"Well, yes," was the reply; "the parish church

choir gives a concert once a year, and I believe the Temperance Society have weekly entertainments during the winter."

"Is there no Musical Society in Lanerton then?" continued Temple, in despair.

"None at all," answered Mr. Routledge. "The organist of the parish church tried to form one some years ago, but it soon fell through."

"Nor any visits from travelling companies?"

"No, not even those. We are so far out of their way that I suppose it would not pay them to come."

Each of which successive items of intelligence gave Mr. Philip Temple a qualm of home-sickness, and made him vow that his stay in Lanerton would be a short one. He learnt, however, that there were one or two establishments in the county town, a dozen miles away, where a good choice of instruments was to be had; and on the following day paid a visit to that place, where he selected a pianoforte which came up even to his fastidious taste. This instrument was duly delivered at Temple's rooms, and with it as his solace he began to look at the future rather more philosophically.

II.

BEFORE Temple had been many days in Lanerton Mr. Routledge took compassion on his loneliness and gave a small dinner-party in his honour, to which he invited some friends whose tastes he thought would be congenial to those of the new-comer. There were Tom Fearon, the agent of the County Bank, whose chief delight lay in riding to hounds—a pursuit which he bravely followed undaunted by a series of accidents wherein two broken collar-bones and a fractured forearm prominently figured; Squire Dawson, of Brunton Grange, who was generally acknowledged to know more about shorthorn breeding than any other living man; young Grayson, of Grayson and Son, who milked the Chancery cow aforesaid on the other side; and a few more kindred spirits. This kindly action on the part of Mr. Routledge scarcely met with the success it deserved, for to poor Temple the conversation of the other guests was an unintelligible jargon. Indeed, Squire Dawson, who could with difficulty distinguish between "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia," would have been as much interested by a Wagnerian controversy at the "Bohemian" as was Temple in the subjects under discussion. Tom Fearon gave a graphic account of the last run with the Geltisdale Foxhounds; Grayson would persist in talking "shop," to Temple's intense disgust; the Squire discoursed on bovine pedigrees, and Mr. Routledge, whose hobby was angling, told marvellous stories of salmon he had lost.

Nor was the atmosphere of the drawing-room much more suited to Temple's tastes, for the talk there was mainly local gossip—

"who was dead,  
Who married, who was like to be,"—

and all touching folks of whom he knew nothing. True, there was a pianoforte, and some of the ladies sang; but their choice lay among "drawing-room ballads" of the weakest kind.

And when Temple had sung, in his best style, Salaman's exquisite setting of "I arise from dreams of thee," his sole encouragement was a query from Tom Fearon whether he knew "Dye Ken John Peel?" which was unanimously declared to be "the grandest song that ever was written." So that when Philip Temple wended his way homewards he was more and more convinced that Lanerton was no place for him.

But if a pebble at its source may decide the course of a mighty river, who can wonder that the sight of a pretty girl should change the whole current of a man's life? Which philosophic inquiry is suggested by an incident that befell Mr. Philip Temple on the following morning.

The house in which he had taken rooms was one of those structures usually designated "semi-detached villas," but in Lanerton it and its neighbour went under the less pretentious titles of Lilac Cottage and Hawthorn Cottage respectively. They were snug little residences, lying on the outskirts of the town, and approached by a lane quite rustic in appearance; too rustic, indeed for Temple's liking during this miserable January weather. Hitherto no thought of

the inmates of Hawthorn Cottage had crossed his mind—in fact, if he had been asked the question he could not have said whether it was inhabited or not; but his advent had not passed unnoticed by his neighbours, or at least one of them. For Philip Temple was a passably handsome young fellow of three-and-twenty, with a curly flaxen head, a trim little moustache, a pair of honest blue eyes, and a complexion as fresh as any Fellshire yeoman's. Without being vain, he paid fitting homage to his personal advantages by always appearing well-dressed, and his carriage was such as became a town-bred man among simple country folks. All which characteristics had been duly noted and criticised, half quizzingly, half approvingly, by a dainty little damsel from the curtained windows of Hawthorn Cottage.

On the morning in question Temple turned out in a melancholy and desponding mood, which a dull leaden sky and a biting north wind did not tend to dispel; and was plodding down the lane, when suddenly there flashed upon him a vision of Una and the Lion in modern guise. The part of the Lion was sustained by a great St. Bernard mastiff, which shambled along with the loose-limbed gait of his kind; and a passing glance was all that Temple vouchsafed to him. The damsel whom he attended, as the heroine of this veracious chronicle, deserves minute and particular description; moreover, she should be portrayed, not as she would appear to a prosaic onlooker, but adorned with that nimbus of perfection which is only visible to the eye of a youthful lover.

What Philip Temple saw was a sylph-like figure, attired in a tight-fitting garment; a witching face, on whose cheeks the wind had blown a wealth of roses; a pair of the merriest, demurest, and kindest brown eyes that ever played at hide-and-seek behind long, silken eyelashes; and a natty little sealskin hat, beneath which a profusion of dark-brown hair struggled to be free, aided in its efforts by the shrewd mother which has been mentioned.

What Philip Temple felt was—but no; words would fail to describe that to mortals who have not themselves known what is first love at first sight; and, to those who have, description is needless. Two more discoveries he made; first (and this he saw by some such gift as the hare possesses, of seeing behind him), that the castle for which Una and her protector were bound was known to the vulgar as Hawthorn Cottage; and second, that there was not such pressing hurry for his getting back to town as had seemed five minutes before.

III.

IF you, courteous reader, or I had met and perchance admired a pretty girl, under some such circumstances as have been above narrated, and had felt sufficient curiosity to wish to know who she was, we should doubtless have challenged the first one of our acquaintance who was likely to know with the query—"I say, Smith, what's the name of that handsome girl who lives at Hawthorn Cottage?" And Smith, or somebody else, would have told us, and there would have been an end of it. But if, like Philip Temple, we were three-and-twenty, not unsusceptible, and conscious of a new-born wonder whether this fair maiden may perchance

"be  
That not impossible she,  
That shall command my heart and me,"

we would just do as he did. He would dearly have liked to have known all about her, and yet he dared not ask, for he felt sure that whoever he questioned would read his motives, and they were too sacred for public gaze. Such a tender, shrinking, sensitive plant is first love. He did muster up sufficient courage that evening to interrogate his landlady; but she could only tell him that their neighbours were a maiden lady and her niece, that their name was Thorne, that they were strangers in Lanerton, kept one servant, and lived very quietly; which information was rather calculated to cause curiosity than to gratify it.

One or two more casual meetings with his fair neighbour during the next few days confirmed first impressions, and left poor Temple more desperately in love than ever. As a natural consequence, at all

manner of times, in season and out of season, his thoughts shot off at a tangent in her direction. He wondered many things,—or rather he wondered a few things often,—and they were principally these : “ I wonder what is her Christian name ; ” “ I wonder whether she is engaged to another fellow ; ” “ I wonder if she is fond of music, if she plays, if she sings ; ” “ I wonder how I could get an introduction ; ” and finally,—biggest question of all,—“ I wonder if she ever thinks about me ! ”

He was afraid she could not be a musician, for, although the sitting-room where she and her aunt passed most of their time was, as he knew, next to his own, he had never heard the sound of a piano there. Still, although she did not play she might like to listen ; and at all events there was pleasure to him in the thought that there was “ only the wall between them.” And this was probably the reason why his evening performances were now of music such as benefits a love-lorn swain.

What was the state of Miss Thorne’s mind during this period will transpire in due course. That she was not without appreciation of music would have been evident to any one who could have peeped into the cosy little sitting-room which has been mentioned, one evening shortly after that first meeting in the lane. There he would have seen two ladies, the elder of whom reclined in an easy-chair before the fire, and was sound asleep. The younger might have been reading, for a book lay open on her lap, but as she had not turned over a leaf for a good half hour it is doubtful whether such had been her occupation.

Truth to tell, Mr. Philip Temple had been exceptionally industrious this evening, and, after suggesting the delicate nature of his passion by playing a dreamy nocturne of Field’s, had illustrated its fervour by one of Beethoven’s sonatas, and apparently sought to express its eternal fidelity through a seemingly endless course of “ Lieder ohne Worte.” It would be unfair to say that the enchantment of Mr. Temple’s “ recital ” was due to the effect of distance lent by the intervening wall. Rather, to his romantic listener, invisibility threw a glamour over both music and exponent, as the hidden rippling of some “ willowy brook ” makes dreamier music than does its

“ Chatter over stony ways  
In little sharps and trebles ”

out in the open meadows.

And so she sat, looking into the bright fire with half-closed eyes and seeing mystic visions therein, light, fantastic, and, alas ! evanescent, as is the nature of such airy creations. For the “ Lieder ” did come to an end at last, and silence broke the spell.

But Mr. Temple had not done yet—indeed, he had reserved his subtlest shaft to the last. And now, with half-parted lips the awakened maiden listened in eager expectation as she recognised the prelude to that song of songs for all impassioned lovers, “ Adelaida.” Whether it was owing to Temple’s artistic singing, or to the hidden brook theory, or because Miss Thorne had unconsciously begun to take an interest in this accomplished stranger, it would be difficult to tell. Perhaps it would be nearest the truth to say that it was a blending of all these reasons. At all events, she listened as rapturously to Temple as ever he had done to the pre-eminent tenor with whom he has been compared in a previous chapter. It would have been a blissful moment to the singer if he could have seen the goddess of his dreams, sitting motionless and attentive while he poured his whole soul into the music. It would have been still more entrancing to him could he have watched the half-bashful, half-mischiefous smile which flitted over her face when the song was finished, and marked the pretty air of timidity with which she opened her pianoforte and ran her fingers, noiselessly at first, over its keys. And yet it is doubtful whether all this imaginary delight would have been greater than the real rapture which he felt as there stole upon his ear a few faint chords, like an echo from spirit-land of those he had just been playing. Then he heard a sweet young voice singing softly—very softly—another, of his favourite songs by Beethoven.

Oh, joy ! the charming fair both sang and played, and none of your drawing-room rubbish either, but sound classical music. And, more than that, she evidently appreciated good music when she heard it,

and—and—perhaps she appreciated its executant too ! How strange it was that he had never heard the sound of that pianoforte before, seeing that its owner played and sang so exquisitely ; and even now she stopped abruptly at the end of the third verse of her song. Both of which facts were satisfactorily accounted for by the conversation which was at that moment going on between Miss Thorne and her aunt.

The latter had suddenly awakened from her nap, and on seeing how her niece was employed, exclaimed—

“ Mollie, child, what are you doing ? ”

Mollie started, and blushed, and seemed more confused than the question appeared to warrant.

“ Oh ! auntie dear,” she replied, “ I could not resist the temptation. You know it is a month today since I touched the piano, and my wrist is really quite strong again now ! ”

To which remark her aunt listened with the aid of an ear-trumpet ; which circumstance accounted for her sleeping so placidly through Temple’s performance. If that gentleman expected more singing from his fair neighbour he was disappointed for that night ; and so, after playing one more nocturne as a finale, he closed his piano.

#### IV.

HOWEVER unwelcome to the suitors involved in the case upon which he was engaged, it was certainly fortunate for Mr. Philip Temple at the present juncture that Chancery proceedings are of slow development. Hitherto music had held gentle sway over his heart, wielding indeed so light a sceptre as to be easily dethroned at will ; or if at times refusing to be so trifled with, at least ready to share supremacy with her closest rival—business. But now that Music’s suzerain—Love—had come, and she had gracefully fallen into her rightful position of handmaid to so potent a lord, matters were changed. For what chance of due attention has a wrinkled skin of parchment, or a knotty statement of accounts, when a pretty maiden’s rosy face will keep flitting before the eyes of their student ? So if there were times when Temple’s thoughts wandered from bills, and pleadings, and writs of attachment, to more poetic fancies, he was not very blameable.

Nor was it altogether a heinous crime that he should seek to give expression to his feelings through love’s universal language, music. It does become rather monotonous, though, when the talking is confined to one side ; and so Temple found it to be after that first evening, seeing that all his mellifluous pleading failed to elicit a single reply. *Lied* and sonata, ballad, nocturne, and reverie—he tried all these in turn, but, alas ! without awakening one responsive echo. For Miss Mollie was in a transitional mood, and uncertain whether to resent or reciprocate these musical confidences. True, they were against all the conventionalities, but then it was so delightfully romantic to be wooed in such a fashion ; and, besides, she argued, it was really too bad that she should be debarred from her favourite pastime merely because there happened to be a sympathetic listener next door. But while she cogitated thus, she happened to glance in the direction of her slumbering aunt, and suddenly there flashed in her eyes a merry twinkle which, rightly interpreted, boded mischief for Mr. Philip Temple.

It was on the following afternoon that his charming neighbour put into execution her little plan which should answer the double purpose of discovering for whose ear those interesting performances were meant, and of correcting any false impressions which this impetuous young man might have formed. This was only feminine logic after all, for Miss Mollie Thorne felt perfectly sure she had already made the discovery in question, and knew quite well that her present scheme was more likely to create than to remove false impressions.

Temple had been home to luncheon, and, while walking down the garden path, had the felicity of seeing his divinity trip past the leafless lilacs on her way to town. She carried a dainty little muff, and in withdrawing her hand therefrom to pat her protector Lion on the head she quite inadvertently dropped a tiny glove. Temple’s pulse and his pace quickened simultaneously, as, picking up the lost

article, he hastened to restore it to its owner ; who, all unconscious of his presence, held on her way “ in maiden meditation fancy free.”

Temple raised his hat, and said,

“ I beg your pardon ; you have dropped your glove.”

Miss Thorne did not appear to hear him, which was certainly strange, seeing he was close at her elbow ; but Lion, with whom Temple—on the “ love me, love my dog ” principle—had already found opportunities to make friends, turned and fawned on him for caresses. This attracted Miss Mollie’s attention, and to Temple’s surprise and horror she turned to listen to him with the aid of an ear-trumpet. It smote him with a sudden pang, as the sorrowful conviction was forced upon him that the goddess of his dreams was deaf, that he had been nightly pouring forth his soul to this charming creature in a language unknown to her, that the snatch of tender melody which had haunted him ever since he heard it had proceeded, not from her, but from her elderly relative. And yet her startled air and mantling blushes were so bewitching, and on closer inspection her upturned brown eyes were so soft and beautiful, that Philip Temple’s passion grew rather than diminished at this discovery. A supreme pity mingled with the regard he had already formed for her ; and both shone so unmistakably in his face that Miss Mollie Thorne felt very wicked indeed at the thought of her cruel prank. She took the glove, with a timid smile of thanks ; and when Temple had bowed and passed on, this high-spirited damsel actually felt very much inclined to have a good cry.

“ He is not nearly so conceited as I thought he was”—thus her thoughts ran—“ and he is very handsome, and kind, and —and—I’m a wicked, miserable little wretch ! ”

So, whether he deserved it or not, Mr. Philip Temple had decidedly the best of this encounter. For that same night, after listening in vain for the sound of that young gentleman’s pianoforte, Mollie Thorne grew very lonely and pensive, and became convinced of two things : firstly, that her conjecture was right as to who was the intended recipient of those messages, sent “ on the music’s widespread wing ” ; and, secondly, that the feeling which prompted them found a tremulous echo in her own heart. And it would just be as unreasonable to chide her for this as it would be to find fault with a string for vibrating when its keynote is struck ; hearts have their harmonics as well as fiddles.

Just at this time business demanded Philip Temple’s presence in town ; and so for the space of a fortnight Miss Thorne was at liberty to play or sing at her own sweet will ; but, truth to tell, she had not much inclination to do either.

#### V.

HAD Philip Temple been told, a few short weeks before, that he would count impatiently the days he had to spend in London, and yearn for the time when he should return to sleepy Lanerton, he would have scouted the idea as absurd. Yet this was now the case ; all the old associations existed the same as ever, and to a certain extent he enjoyed mingling with them again, but he quitted them with a light heart, and hailed with pleasure the day on which he had to leave them.

His return had been expected, and before he had been in his rooms half an hour he received a visit from the curate of the parish, the one individual in his circle in whom he found a congenial spirit. Mr. Jekyll was in a fix, and he came to ask Temple to help him out of it. The annual tea-party and concert in connection with his church were to come off on the following evening, and at the last moment their only available tenor, after the manner of his kind, was found to be suffering from a sore throat, and unable to sing. Would Temple fill the gap, and so win his friend’s eternal gratitude ? Of course his good nature was not proof against this appeal, and he consented.

“ We shall only want two songs from you,” said Mr. Jekyll ; “ and—happy thought—one of our young ladies is going to sing Gounod’s ‘ Serenade,’ will you play the violin obbligato ? That would be a novelty here.”

“ Yes, but what about rehearsing it ? ” inquired Temple, dubiously.

"Oh! that will be all right, if you can spare half an hour this evening," was the reply, "we are going to run through the programme in the schoolroom. Can you come, and bring your fiddle, like a good fellow? Seven sharp is the time."

And, almost without waiting for an answer, Mr. Jekyll hustled off.

Thus it happened that the first intimation which Miss Thorne received of Philip Temple's return was the sound of his violin, as he tuned it preparatory to trying over the obligato part of the song, which has been mentioned. Now, as Miss Mollie had just then taken a copy of that very song out of her portfolio, she naturally guessed that there was something more than a coincidence here; and her quick wits were not long in jumping to the right conclusion. So she was quite prepared for Mr. Jekyll's suggestion, when that gentleman called a quarter of an hour later; and from the bottom of her heart she blessed him for his officiousness. It would be ungracious to decline Mr. Temple's assistance, it was too late now to catch a convenient cold, and she felt very guilty and shamed as she wondered what Mr. Temple must think of that silly escapade of hers.

In blissful ignorance of his fair neighbour's trepidation, Temple scraped away at his fiddle, in due course packed it away in its case, and punctually arrived at the rehearsal room. There the village choir was industriously practising "*Hail, Smiling Morn*," in a style more vigorous than finished; and as there were several copies of the programme lying about, he picked one up and glanced over it to see who the other performers were. More particularly he was curious to know who was going to sing Gounod's song, and great was his wonderment when he saw it put down for performance by a "Miss Thorne." It could not be *his* Miss Thorne, of course, that was out of the question; and it seemed slightly incongruous that the elderly lady bearing that name should be singing, even at a parish tea-party. Then who could it be? He felt now how rashly good-natured he had been in promising to play so delicate an obligato for an unknown singer, whose incompetence might place him in a most ridiculous position. Mr. Jekyll was busy with the choir, so he could not ask for information in that quarter; and while he was moodily planning how he could escape from his difficulty, the schoolroom door was opened, and in tripped Miss Mollie Thorne herself, accompanied by her ancient handmaid, Betty, and her constant guardian, Lion.

At sight of her Mr. Jekyll rushed forward in his usual fussy style, and in less than half a minute Temple found himself introduced to this mysterious deaf-vocalist as "the gentleman who has kindly promised to play the violin obligato to your song."

"Oh! thank you, very much, Mr. Temple," said this charming young lady, whose deafness seemed to have completely vanished; "it is so kind of you to undertake it at such short notice." But although she looked as innocent as could be, she felt very conscience-stricken indeed.

As for Temple, he was in such a state of transcendent ecstasy that it would have seemed to him the most natural thing in the world for a lady who was stone-deaf only a fortnight ago now to hear perfectly well, had he given a thought in that direction at all, bat the delightful present swallowed up every recollection of the past. He gave graceful expression to the pleasure which it afforded him to assist her performance, and, as Mr. Jekyll was wanted elsewhere, these two young people were left alone to a very pleasant quarter of an hour's conversation. An interchange of ideas proved that they had musical sympathies very much in common. Did Miss Thorne admire Beethoven? Oh, yes; she adored him! So did Temple. She was fond of Mendelssohn—particularly the "*Lieder*"—as was Temple. She had not heard much of Wagner's music, and what she had heard she did not greatly care for; she was afraid she was not sufficiently advanced to understand him, which was precisely Mr. Temple's position; and so on, and so on, until they were called upon to take their part in the rehearsal.

The "*Serenade*" went splendidly; Miss Thorne sang like a true *artiste*, and Philip Temple played like one inspired—as indeed he was. Then—as the organist was unable to be present at the rehearsal, and Mr. Jekyll, who accompanied Miss Thorne on

the pianoforte, had some diffidence about attacking Temple's accompaniments at sight—he prevailed on Miss Thorne to undertake the task, which she accomplished so admirably as to convince the singer that she was a very clever pianist.

Afterwards it was Philip Temple's unspeakable privilege to walk home with this bewitching creature, Betty and Lion following in close attendance on their mistress. And if it was bliss unutterable to be beside her in that prosaic schoolroom, to listen to her voice, to feel at last in touch with golden hopes where hitherto had only existed vague possibilities—if that were heaven, within four whitewashed walls, and beneath the glimmer of flickering oil-lamps, what shall be said of this homeward walk, under a cloudless, frosty sky? Blue eyes show at their best in the full light of a summer day, grey eyes in the gloaming, green eyes in the dark, brown eyes—so Temple thought—always. But he was wrong, their most killing time is "in the pale moonlight." Then their upward glances are simply irresistible, and so Philip Temple learned that night before Hawthorn Cottage was reached. It was the old, old story, only in this instance the tinder had been lying ready for weeks; the spark had now been applied, and the soft moon-breeze of circumstance was fast blowing it into a flame.

The concert on the following evening was a great success, its honours being divided between Temple and his fair accompanist. The "*Serenade*" was rapturously encored, owing—so Miss Thorne said—to the charming violin obligato. Temple's songs received the same compliment, which he was sure would not have been the case but for Miss Thorne's artistic accompaniments; and so they were mutually grateful, pleased with each other, and themselves.

After the concert Temple accompanied Mr. Jekyll to his rooms, and had supper with the amiable curate. Their conversation naturally drifted towards Miss Thorne and her charming singing, and it seemed as though the impressionable young cleric had likewise fallen a victim to Miss Mollie's enchantments, for he was quite as ready to talk about her as his guest was to listen.

Temple now learnt that his fair neighbour was an orphan, and that Mr. Ward, the vicar of the parish, was her guardian, which accounted for her being found in such a humdrum place as Lanerton. This information resulted in Philip Temple's becoming the most regular of all Mr. Ward's parishioners in attendance at church, and in due course he had the felicity of meeting Miss Mollie and her aunt at dinner at the vicarage. That he made good use of the opportunities thus placed within his reach may be gathered from a conversation which took place in the rose-covered summer-house behind Hawthorn Cottage one lovely July evening that same year.

There were only two people present, so that there was no necessity for their sitting so close together, and they were neither on the point of meeting or of parting, so why the young lady's hand should lie in that of her companion is somewhat of a mystery. Moreover, they addressed each other as "Mollie" and "Phil," with the addition of certain endearing adjectives and substantives, which, like the linnet's warblings, do not often outlast purling time.

"Mollie, dear!"

"Yes, Phil, darling!"

"You remember that day when you pretended you were deaf?"

"Yes" (this with a sigh, the speaker meanwhile hiding her face behind Phil's arm).

"Now, I want to know why you did it, dear."

"Well—I—I—thought you were conceited, don't you know; and, and—it was all meant for your good, Phil, dear; indeed it was. For you are a wee bit conceited—you know you are!"

"And have I not good right to be so, after winning such a dear little sweetheart?"

"Oh! that is not conceit at all; I call that only proper pride. But, Phil, darling, I thought you were even more conceited than you are; and oh! I did feel so wicked and wretched afterwards!"

Such a frank confession, and so sincere a repentance, demanded and obtained immediate absolution, accompanied by certain rites peculiar to such occasions.

And after having been admitted to these confi-

dences it will scarcely be a surprise to learn that when, twelve months later, Temple returned to town to manage the Chancery branch of Messrs. Ferrit, Scrymgeour, Scrymgeour, and Ferrit's practice, Miss Mollie Thorne had become Mrs. Philip Temple. So, although the "*Saturday Pops*" still hold their own, and Philip Temple and his bride find their way now and again to other spheres of the art, the Bohemian Club seems to have lost its old charm. For, if less romantic, Temple finds it much more satisfactory and pleasurable to listen to Mollie's singing and playing by their own fireside than even in those by-gone days

"When first he sang to woman's ear  
His soul's fit flame."

## Heine's Musical Letters.

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(Continued.)

**A**T first sight we should have thought that there would have been a certain kindred feeling between Heine and Mendelssohn; but it is not so. Both, indeed, were Germans, and both Jews by birth, if not by creed. But Heine preferred the rich southern temperament of Rossini to the stately coldness of Mendelssohn. In Paris, Mendelssohn could never achieve any success. But in speaking of success or failure in Paris we should always remember that Paris is by no means a musical city, that the concerts there have a semi-private feeling about them, that the fashionable public will not go to a place where music alone is given. A musical composer there, if he wishes to be successful, must compose operas, and even then he must remember that his audience will go away unsatisfied and bored, if he has not provided it with the recreation of a long and lively ballet. In the same way we may remember Berlioz's unsuccessful career at Paris, and how it was not till after 1870, when German music was tabooed, and it was necessary to find a French substitute for Beethoven, that Berlioz secured any real hearing. Mendelssohn's "*Antigone*" was coldly received when performed at the Odéon, and the "*St. Paul*" had fare no better. Determined to win favour at Paris, Mendelssohn had determined to write an opera, and there was a rumour at the time of Heine's writing that he was engaged in negotiations with Scribe for a libretto. Scribe, we know, was a highly popular playwright, and wrote all the librettos of the successful operas of the time. But nothing came of it. After the death of Mozart, German composers could not bend themselves to the Italian form of the opera, and Wagner's fruitful theory was not yet known. Wagner, indeed, had just left Paris at this moment, despairing of success, "in obliqueness," says Heine, "to the voice of reason and the stomach!" Mendelssohn always made Heine reflect on the problems of art, such as, for instance, the difference between art and artifice. He found in him a great talent for form, for style, for composition, and an "almost passionate indifference." But he denied absolutely that Mendelssohn would ever succeed on the stage, where truth and emotion at once are required. Mendelssohn was not naïve enough, and in art there was no genial originality without naïveté. Heine endeavoured to illustrate his meaning by a comparison with Rachel, the actress, and Tieck, the writer. Rachel and Mendelssohn both possessed a marked earnestness, a determined, almost excessive leaning to classical models, the most accurate calculation and keenness of understanding, but a total want of simplcity. Tieck, who is best known in England by his fairy tales, resembled Mendelssohn in his strenuous wish to attain success on the stage, and in his total unfitness for it, however talented in other ways.

But, however scanty and brief this notice of Mendelssohn is, we cannot complain of any want of sympathy in our critic for Meyerbeer and Rossini. In fact, Heine is in his very element when he writes of these two popular musicians. When the public is blessed with two great masters at the same time, it at

once and s them light be ab an ev wrong people vice of thi critic Mars putting Meyer of the other, some The f from the di Heine ferenc said, b niente watch could part in not be freely midst so wh Meyer waves kind sw here Accord characteristic and m emotion predom harmon the indi the nat streams it is sei takes its music i public, its disse all its rea really co it appla more su after gr common batants viduality Rossini in the R have ac patriotic never ha where m enthusiasm and the i and far m of repub banks of fully to t and fro, time of t But latere one care Rossini; Diable' inings of t Heine from Ital the mind sinism". Rossini had liste Meyerbe comprom Berlin, in early wo

once fails to instituting comparisons between them, and spoils its enjoyment by taking sides with one of them and decrying the other, instead of being delighted to possess two masters instead of one, and to be able to taste a marked contrast. But no ! in such an event the one master is right and the other all wrong, just as in England some twenty years ago people sided with Dickens against Thackeray, or vice versa. Heine's little story about musical criticism of this kind is sufficiently amusing. The best musical criticism he had ever heard was at a *table d'hôte* in Marseilles. Two commercial travellers were disputing on the question of the day as to whether Meyerbeer or Rossini was the greater musician. One of them had warmly taken the side of Rossini ; the other, instead of replying in cold words, began to trill some of the best melodies out of "Robert le Diable." The first, not to be outbeaten, answered by snatches from "The Barber of Seville," and so they went on all the dinner-time, furnishing the guests with admirable table music instead of tiresome, useless discussions. Heine admired both, though he had a lurking preference for Rossini. This was due to his nature, he said, because he was inclined to a certain *dolce far niente* : he liked to lie on the flower-strewn grass and watch the clouds calmly sail by overhead. But he could also admire Meyerbeer, for had he not taken part in the troubles and questions of the time ? had he not been banished from Germany on account of his freely spoken political opinions ? But just as in the midst of party conflict his heart had been elsewhere, so while paying the deepest homage of the intellect to Meyerbeer, his heart inclined to Rossini. "On the waves of Rossini's music the individual joys of mankind sweetly rise and fall : Love and Hate, Tenderness and Longing, Jealousy and Pouting—all here is the isolated feeling of the individual. Accordingly, in Rossini's music the characteristic point is the predominance of melody, and melody is the immediate expression of isolated emotion. In Meyerbeer, on the contrary, we find the predominance of harmony ; in the stream of massive harmony the melodies die away, nay perish, just as the individual feelings of single men pass away before the national feeling of a whole people ; and into these streams of harmony our soul willingly plunges when it is seized by the joys and sorrows of mankind, and takes its side in great social questions. Meyerbeer's music is more social than individual ; the grateful public, which finds its inward and outward conflicts, its dissension of feelings and its struggle of the will, all its needs and hopes expressed in his music, is really celebrating its own emotions and enthusiasm as it applauds the great Maestro. Rossini's music was more suited for the time of the Restoration, when, after great struggles and disillusionments, the feeling for common interests in the hearts of the wearied combatants had retired into the background, and individuality had once more asserted its legitimate rights. Rossini would never have acquired his great popularity in the Revolution or the Empire. Robespierre would have accused him of writing melodies of an anti-patriotic, 'moderate' tendency, and Napoleon would never have made him music-master to the great army, where masses of men must be moved by a common enthusiasm. Poor swan of Pesaro ! The gallic Cock and the imperial Eagle would have rent thee in pieces ; and far more suitable for thee than the battle-ground of republican virtue would be a quiet lake, on the banks of which tender lilies nodded their heads peacefully to thee, and where thou couldst calmly sail to and fro, beauty and loveliness in each motion ! The time of the Restoration was Rossini's time of triumph. But later, the Revolution of July broke out, and no one cared any longer to listen to the melodies of Rossini ; it was the great choruses of 'Robert le Diable' or 'The Huguenots' that expressed the feelings of the excited masses."

Heine had met Meyerbeer in Berlin after his return from Italy. The young Meyerbeer's greatest fault, in the minds of the Berlin musicians, was his "Rossinism"—he was accused of being a follower of Rossini. Heine told him with what enthusiasm he had listened to his "Crocato" in Italy ; to which Meyerbeer replied, with ironical melancholy, "You compromise yourself in praising me, an Italian, in Berlin, in the town of Sebastian Bach." Meyerbeer's early works bear the greatest resemblance to Rossini's

style ; he was living in Italy, and enjoying the happiest days of his life, and his music was but a natural reaction against the colourless, merely intellectual, mathematical music then prevalent in Germany. But Meyerbeer could not rest contented for ever in Italy. "A certain home-sickness for the deep earnestness of the Fatherland awoke in him ; while he reclined beneath Southern myrtles there came upon him the remembrance of the mysterious awe of the oak-groves in the North ; while the zephyrs of Italy fanned his brow he thought of the mystic chorals of the North wind" ; and Meyerbeer returned home and expressed in his music the ardent feelings of revolutionary Germany. Soon after the July Revolution his "Robert le Diable" appeared, a hero who does not know his own mind, who is continually in dispute with himself, a true picture of the hesitation between quiet and revolution felt at the time. The opera was highly successful, and the "tortured, timid genius" of Meyerbeer won self-confidence, and produced the *chef d'œuvre*, "The Huguenots," in which passion and art are united in their fulness, in which the man and the artist are in unison. "The Huguenots" was the complete expression of the genius of Meyerbeer ; a massive conception of the whole is accompanied by the most careful perfection of detail. In the instrumentation and the handling of the chorus Meyerbeer had achieved wonders. But Heine was especially struck by the contrast between the tumultuous fourth act and the Garden Idyll of the second act. This second act reminded him of Shakespeare's comedies ; still more so of Tasso's "Aminta." And here follows a characteristic passage, which must be quoted : "Indeed, under the roses of joy there lurks a gentle melancholy which reminds us of the hapless Court poet of Ferrara. It is more the longing after merriment than merriment itself ; it is no hearty laughter, but a smile of the heart, a heart which is secretly ill and can only dream of health. How comes it that an artist who, like Meyerbeer, has been free from the cradle of all the petty needs and cares of life, born amid wealth, the darling of his family, willingly allowed to pursue the bent of his genius, more than any other mortal artist likely to know what happiness is—how comes it that this man has experienced those deep, deep sorrows which sigh and sob from out of his music ? For the musician cannot express with such marvellous power feelings which he has not experienced. It is strange that an artist, whose material necessities are satisfied, is exposed all the more pitilessly to the agony of the mind. But the public is lucky in having to thank the sorrows of the artist for its ideal joys. The artist is like the child of whom the fairy tale tells us the tears it shed were pearls. Alas ! the cruel step-mother, the world, beats the child all the more unmercifully so that it shall weep these pearls in abundance !"

Heine naturally, on the principles mentioned above, defends Meyerbeer against the charge of lacking melody. "It is the old tale of not seeing wood for trees. The melodies were there, but subordinate to harmony, as was required by the idea of the compositions. And he points out with perfect justice to what depths an opera can fall that depends only on a string of melodies. One consequence of this want of ensemble in an opera can be seen in Italy, where the people in the boxes, after having heard the favourite singer sing the favourite air, receive company in their boxes, or even play cards ! Heine, of course, amuses himself at length over the anxious, business-like way in which Meyerbeer attended to the success of his operas, how he cultivated everybody's acquaintance, won over the most insignificant journalist, was in a continual excitement and dread that some artist or other would fail him, tormented his performers with continual rehearsals, and never seemed to be at rest so long as there was anyone left who might speak ill of his opera. All this in utter contrast to Rossini, who was a gourmand, and whom a loss of appetite troubled far more than any anxiety about a musical composition. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" had won the most hearty applause in Paris, though the critics had not failed to say that the music was too worldly, too sensual, too light, too pleasing, &c., for the subject. Heine's defence of Rossini is splendid and most worthy of attention. He points out that lean and pale asceticism does not represent the whole of Christianity. If the school of Overbeck, then in fashion,

had dwelt on this asceticism, and recognised nothing else, the Spanish school, on the contrary, had clothed their sacred pictures with the most glowing colours and the most flowing outlines. When Rossini had determined to write a "Stabat Mater" all he had to do was to dream himself back into the days when he was a choir-boy or an acolyte at mass in the cathedral of Pesaro. It was the childlike piety of the South and not the hard, intellectual knowledge of the North that breathed through his representation of the Passion. It reminded Heine exactly of a procession he had seen in Cetona, in Italy, a procession of children representing the Passion. A little child with golden hair staggered under the weight of a heavy wooden cross, drops of blood were painted on his brow, and the wounds represented on his little hands and feet. A little maiden all in black walked sadly at his side, swords with gilded handles pierced her breast, to signify that she was the Mater Dolorosa. Other children followed representing apostles and Roman soldiers. And, strangely enough, mingled with them were some Cupids with silk wings and golden bows ; and near the little Saviour there walked two tidy figures dressed like Arcadian shepherds in Watteau or Boucher's pictures, representing the shepherds who had stood by the crib where the Babe lay. This was a naive expression of the deepest grief : a more realistic form would have either degraded the scene or rendered its representation impossible. Utterance would be choked if the Passion were not deprived of its horrors, and flowers were not strewn around. "Yes, I could not help thinking of this pious masquerade when I first heard Rossini's "Stabat Mater" : the great Martyrdom was here represented, but, represented by simple child-like utterances, the pitiful complaints of the Mater Dolorosa broke forth, but as it were out of an innocent little maiden's throat. Hard by the garb of woe was heard rustling the silken wings of the Cupids ; the terrors of the death on the Cross were lightened as it were by the sportive song of the shepherds ; and the feeling of Eternity surrounded the whole like the blue heaven that poured its light down on the procession at Cetona, like the blue sea on whose shores it passed singing !"

Of singers Heine does not say much, though he delighted in the singing of Mario and Grisi. He calls them a pair of nightingales, and declares that the Persian poet who styled the nightingale the rose of birds, and the rose the nightingale of flowers, would have been at a loss before this pair of singers, for both were distinguished for beauty as well as for their voices. Garcia he also admired. He notices also how little German songs satisfied the taste of the Parisians. "The French have Wit and Passion, and they like these best in a restless, strong, exciting form." They had no taste for "German moonshine." Beethoven's "Adelaide," "that calm sighing of the heart, those blue-eyed melting tones of solitude in forests, those lime blossoms expressed in song with moonlight obbligato, that swooning away in supernatural yearning—that most thoroughly German song, found no echo in the breasts of the French, and was jeered at as German sentimentality." But Heine hoped that the French would be won over at last to admiration. He hoped that German music would pave the way for the introduction of German literature, for music was a bond wherewith to bind nations together.

GARNET SMITH, R.A.

A PARODY of a parody is surely a mistake. It was not to be expected that "Ruddy George," the parody of "Ruddigore" at Toole's Theatre, would prove very entertaining. The name of the Cornish village is however well chosen. "Pol-parrot" looks as Cornish as the "Redrinn" of the original.

¶ ¶ ¶

THE children of Paris are to have their performances at the Odéon Theatre after all. The Municipality discontinued its subvention, but the Ministry of Fine Arts thinks it a concern of the nation that the youth of the capital should become acquainted with Corneille, Molière and Racine. Fancy our Education Department providing performances for the Board school children at Drury Lane !

## The Music Hater.

— o —  
BY HOFFMANN.

**T**HIS must, indeed, be glorious to be so thoroughly musical that one can handle with ease and gaiety, as if endowed with some special power, the greatest musical structures which the masters have built up with a countless number of notes and tones of different instruments, and receive them into one's feelings and thoughts without experiencing any special excitement or the pangs of emotional rapture and heart-rending melancholy. One can then delight in the "virtuosity" of the performers—nay, even express this delight, which streams from within, without danger. But as for me, I must not think at all of the happiness of being a "virtuoso" myself, for then I feel all the more acutely my grief that I lack so utterly all feeling for music, from whence probably arises that clumsiness in the practice of this glorious art which I have, alas! displayed from my childhood. My father was indeed a capital musician; he played diligently on a grand piano often till late into the night, and, when there was a concert in our house, he used to play very long pieces, accompanied only slightly by the others on violins, violoncellos, flutes, and horns. When one of these long pieces was finally over, they all cried aloud, "Bravo! Bravo! What a beautiful concerto! How smoothly and perfectly played!" and uttered with reverence the name of Emmanuel Bach. But my father had hammered and banged away so much that I always felt as if it were scarcely music, for music I thought meant heart-touching melodies; he must be only playing for a joke, and the others also must find a joke in it. On such occasions I was always dressed in my Sunday coat, and had to sit and listen on a high stool at my mother's side without daring to move or stir. The time passed dreadfully slowly for me, and I could not have endured it at all if I had not amused myself with the strange grimaces and comic movements of the performers. I remember especially one old lawyer who always played the fiddle close by my father, and of whom they always said he was an excessive enthusiast, and that music made him half mad, so that in the frenzied exaltation into which Emmanuel Bach's, or Wolf's, or Benda's genius threw him he could neither hit the right notes nor keep time. I can still see the man quite plainly. He wore a plum-coloured coat, with gilt buttons, a little silver dagger, and a powdered periuke, at the back of which hung a little knot of hair. He had an indescribable comic earnestness in all he did. "Ad opus!" he used to cry when my father placed the music parts on the desks. Then he seized with one hand his fiddle, with the other his periuke, which he took off and hung up on a peg; then he set himself to work, bending more and more over the page, till his red eyes sparkled enough to start out of their sockets, and the sweat stood on his forehead. It often happened to him that he had got to the end before the others, at which he marvelled greatly and looked at the rest quite angrily. It often seemed to me as if he produced tones like those which neighbour Peter, investigating scientifically the hidden musical talents of cats, used to draw from our tom cat by clever pinches of his tail and by other ways, for which he (*i.e.*, Peter) got thrashed sometimes by my father. In short, the plum-coloured lawyer—he was called Musenius—quite compensated me for the pain of having to sit still, as I was highly delighted with his grimaces and his comic gestures. Once he brought the music to an abrupt termination, so that my father jumped up from the piano, and all rushed up to him fearing some bad attack must have seized him. He had begun at first gently to nod his head, then, in an even greater crescendo, to throw his head on one side or the other, while he rasped over the strings with his bow horribly, clucked with his tongue, and stamped with his foot. But it was nothing—only a little inimically-minded fly which would persist in buzzing round his head always in the same circle, and which settled on his nose, though he drove it off again and again. It was this which had driven him to such desperation.

It often happened that my mother's sister sang an air. Ah, I was always delighted with that. I loved her dearly: she spent a good deal of time with me, and often sang to me with her sweet voice, which penetrated to my inmost heart, some of those glorious songs which I remember so well that I can still hum them quietly to myself. It was always somewhat of a festival when my aunt sang some song by Hasse, or Naetta, or some other master. The lawyer did not dare to accompany her. As soon as ever they began to play the introduction, and before my aunt began to sing, my heart used to beat, and a wondrous feeling of joy and sorrow went through me, so that I could scarcely contain myself. But when my aunt had barely finished one piece I at once began to weep bitterly, and I was sent out of the room with a stern rebuke from my father. There was often a dispute between my father and my aunt, because the latter maintained that my behaviour was in no wise due to any unpleasant or repulsive effect that music had upon me, but rather to an excessive sensibility of feeling. But my father, on the contrary, scolded me, and called me a stupid boy, who howled out of dislike, like an anti-musical dog. One great reason, not only for defending me, but also for ascribing to me a profound feeling for music, my aunt derived from the circumstance that I would often amuse myself for hours together in seeking out and striking all sorts of harmonious chords on the piano, when my father had by chance left it open. When I had found with both hands three, four, or even six keys which gave, when pressed down, a pleasant harmonious chord, I was never tired of striking it again and hearing the sound die away. I used to lay my head sideways on the case of the instrument, I closed my eyes, I was in another world; yet at last I always broke into tears again without knowing whether it was for joy or for sorrow. My aunt had often watched me and found pleasure therein, but my father only saw in it a childish play. Indeed, they seemed to disagree, not only about me, but about other things, and especially about music, as my aunt liked greatly such musical pieces as were composed in a simple and unornamented manner, especially if by Italian masters, while my father, who was a passionate man, styled such music as only fit for bagpipes, and incapable of exercising the intellect. My father always spoke of intellect, my aunt of feeling. At length my aunt brought it about that my father allowed me to be instructed in piano-playing by an old gentleman who usually played the viola in our family concerts. But, alas! it was soon clear that my aunt had believed too much in my abilities, and that it was my father who was right. The old gentleman said I had a good feeling for time, and could easily master a melody, but my boundless stupidity spoilt everything. When I had to practice a piece, and had sat down at the piano with the best intentions of being diligent, very soon I could not help proceeding in my old way to seek for chords, and so I got no further. After many and unspeakable pains I had managed to get through several keys till I came to that dreadful one marked with four crosses, and, as I remember yet quite distinctly, is called E major. At the head of the piece was printed in great letters, "Scherzando Presto," and as my master played it over for me, it seemed to hop and jump in a way that quite displeased me. Alas! how many tears, how many thumps of encouragement from my dreadful master did that hated Presto cost me! At length the much-feared day arrived on which I had to produce to my father and his musical friends all the knowledge I had gained, and play for them all I had learnt. I knew everything well till I got to that abominated Presto in E major. I had sat down to the piano the evening before in a sort of desperation, determined to play that piece faultlessly, cost what it might. I did not know how it happened that I tried to play it on the keys next to those which I ought to have struck, but so it was, and I succeeded. The piece seemed all at once easier, I missed no note, and I really thought the piece sounded much better than when my master had played it for me. I was quite pleased and freed from care. Next day I sat down boldly at the piano and hammered away at my pieces with confidence, and my father cried out again and again, "I should never have thought it." When the Presto was over my master said, quite pleased, "That was that diffi-

cult key, E major!" and my father turned to a friend, saying, "Just look how the boy handles his E major!"

"Permit me, my honoured friend," replied the latter, "it was F major."

"Not at all, not at all!" cried my father, in triumph, pointing to the four crosses.

"Yes it was," answered his friend; "we shall see."

I had to play the piece over again. I did it quite innocently, for it was not at all clear to me what they were disputing about. My father looked at the keys of the piano, and I had scarcely sounded a few notes when my father boxed me on the ears.

"Idiotic, stupid fellow!" he cried, in the greatest anger.

I left the room crying and sobbing, and it was all over with my musical instruction. Yet my aunt declared that my having been able to play the piece without mistakes in another key was a proof of true musical talent; but I believe myself that my father was right in ceasing to have me taught any instrument, because the awkwardness and stiffness of my fingers would have rendered useless any efforts I might have made.

And it seems as if this awkwardness, as far as music is concerned, applied also to my powers of comprehension. For I have often experienced weariness, disgust, and vexation at the performance of recognised musicians, when all the rest broke out into wondering applause; and, into the bargain, I have often been the object of the laughter of the crowd of amateurs inspired by the music, as I could not honestly declare my opinion, or rather clearly signify my state of feeling. The same thing happened to me a little while ago, when a celebrated pianist, who was passing through the town, was giving a recital at the house of one of my friends.

"I am sure, my dear friend," said the latter to me, "you will be cured of your hatred to music to-day. The great — will delight and enrapture you."

Against my will I had to sit close to the piano. The musician began to roll the notes up and down, and made such a fearful noise, which never ended, that I felt quite dizzy and ill at ease. But something else soon attracted my attention, and as I no longer heard the performer, I must have stared hard into the piano in some strange way, for my friend, when the musician had finished thundering and going mad, seized me by the arm, crying,

"What you are quite turned to stone! Ah, my friend, you at length feel the deep, absorbing effect of the heavenly music?"

I had to confess honestly that I had heard very little of the music, but had amused myself much with the quick running up and down, and the running fire of the hammers rising and falling, at which remark all broke out into a peal of laughter.

How often was I called feelingless and soulless when I left the room as soon as the piano was opened, or this or that lady took her guitar into her hand and cleared her voice preparatory to singing; for I well knew that I always felt bad after the sort of music one generally hears in private houses, and that my digestion was usually impaired with it. Yet it is a real misfortune, and brings me into disgrace with the cultured world. I know, indeed, that a voice like my aunt's, or a song such as she used to sing, always penetrates to my very heart, and feelings are excited in me which I cannot express in words, as if it were that bliss which is supernatural, and so cannot be expressed in earthly words. But even then, when I hear such a singer, I cannot express my admiration when she has ended, like the others do; I sit still and brood in my heart where all those dead tones still re-echo, and so I am called cold, without feeling, a music-hater.

Opposite me lives the Concertmeister, who has a quartett in his house every Thursday evening, and in summer-time I can hear the lightest tones, as they open the windows, and the streets are still and quiet. I then sit on my sofa, and listen with closed eyes, and am unspeakably charmed—but only at the first piece. When the second quartett begins the tones grow confused, for they seem to me to be struggling in my heart with the melodies of the first which still dwell there. The third I cannot bear at all. Then I have to run away, and the Concertmeister has often laughed at me being driven to flight by his music. They used to play, I have heard, as many as six or eight such

quartetts, and I truly wonder at the extraordinary strength of mind, the inward musical power, which can comprehend so much music, one piece after the other, and to bring to life by playing all they have felt and thought inwardly. It is just the same with me at concerts, at which the first symphony has often caused such a tumult within me that I am quite dead to all that follows. Nay, the very first movement has often so excited me, so powerfully moved me, that I long to view more clearly all those strange apparitions by which I am held captivated, and to mingle in their wondrous movement, till I am among them and like them. I then seem to fancy that the music I have heard is my very self. At such times I never ask who is the composer: that seems to me a matter of indifference. It seems to me that when this highest point is reached a psychic force is touched, and that in this sense I myself have composed many glorious things.

Though I write this down for myself alone I feel so afraid and timid; and wonder how I can in my inmate, innocent honesty utter such a confession! How I should be laughed at! Would not many truly musical experts doubt the soundness of my mind? When I hasten out of the concert-room after the first symphony they cry after me, "The music-hater is running away," and they pity me, for every cultured person now requires you to bow with respect before Art, and, just as one should talk about things one does not understand, so one should love and practise music. Yes, it is my misfortune that I should be so often driven out by such practices into solitude, where the ever-reigning Power draws wondrous tones from the oak leaves that rustle over my head, tones which unite in secret with the sounds that rest in my inmost heart, and then spring forth in lovely music.

This painful difficulty of comprehension in music causes me much trouble at the Opera. Indeed, I often feel then as if they at times were artfully making a musical noise to drive away *ennuis*, or still more troublesome monsters, just as cymbals and drums are wildly played before caravans to drive away savage animals. But when the music is as if the actors could not otherwise express themselves than in the powerful accents of music, then the realm of the wonderful is opened before me like a blazing star, then I have the greatest difficulty to stem the hurricane which seizes me and threatens to hurl me into the abyss of tempest. But I always go again and again to hear an opera of this kind, and my feelings grow each time clearer and clearer, and all the lovely forms draw near to me from out the gloomy mist and greet me, and I recognise how friendly they have been with me, and how they have trod with me the paths of sweet existence. I believe I have heard Glück's Iphigenia fifty times at least. True musicians laugh at me for it, and say, "The first time we heard it we knew all about it; the third time we had had enough of it." But an evil demon pursues me, and compels me irresistibly to be comic, and to make comic remarks, which confirm my reputation as a music-hater. Only lately I had gone to the Opera House, out of kindness to a friend who was a stranger, and was sunk in thought, when they began to make a meaningless musical noise. My neighbour drew my attention, and said, "What a capital part." I thought he was speaking of the part in the pit where we sat, and I answered quite honestly, "Yes, it is a good part for seeing, but there is a slight draught." He laughed very much, and it was spread all over the town as an anecdote of the music-hater, and everybody laughed at me about my draught at the Opera, and yet I was right.

Would anybody believe me that, in spite of all this, there is a real genuine musician who is of the same opinion as my aunt with regard to my feeling for music? Though, indeed, no one will pay great attention when I say that this musician is no other than the Kapellmeister Johannes Kreisler, who is himself sufficiently decried for his oddity. But I am very proud that he deigns to play and sing to me in the way that satisfies my inner feeling, and that elevates me most. He told me lately, when I was complaining to him of my stupidity in music, that I was like that pupil in the Temple of Sais, who, though he seemed stupid in comparison with the other pupils, yet was the one to find the wonderful stone which the rest sought in vain. I did not understand what he meant, because I had not read the

works of Novalis, to which he drew my attention. I have sent to-day to the library for it, but I shall not be able to get it, because it is said to be splendid, and must be in great demand. But no; I have just received Novalis' works in two volumes, and the librarian sends me word that I can keep it as long as I like, because it is never asked for. He had not been able to find it at first, because it had been put aside as a book not inquired for. Now I shall be able to see what likeness I bear to the pupils of Sais.

## Accidentals.

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THE French Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers only admit to their membership candidates whose works have reached certain number of representations. For this purpose they have made a somewhat invidious distinction between theatres which count and theatres which do not count. The theatres which count are the Ambigu, Bouffes-Parisiens, Chattelet, Comédie Française, Folies-Dramatiques, Gâté, Gymnase, Nouveautés, Odéon, Opéra Comique, Palais Royal, Porte Saint Martin, Renaissance, Théâtre de l'Avant, Variétés, and Vaudeville.

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THE celebrated piano-maker in St. Petersburg, M. Schröder, has organised an exhibition of the numer of presents made to Rubinstein in the course of his career. One of the exhibits is the conductor's baton which Mendelssohn gave to the young musician thirty years ago.

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THE Town Council of Florence seem to be as much taken up with music as with sevens and meat markets. They have decided to place tablets on the houses once occupied by the three noble Florentines who, by their patronage of Peri, may be said to have created modern opera—Giovanni dei Bardi, Count Ottavio Rinuccini, and Jacopo Corsi.

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VERDI's merits as an agriculturist are not forgotten by those interested in that pursuit. He was recently made an honorary member of the Agricultural Club of Lombardy, an honour which he acknowledged as follows:

To Dr. Chevalier Bauer,—My friend Tedeschini announces to me that I have been appointed an honorary member of the Agricultural Club of Lombardy. I beg that you will be good enough to express on my behalf my sentiments of gratitude to the club.

G. VERDI.

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FROM the 15th of this month all military bands in France are to play the version of the "Marsillaise" approved by General Boulanger. General Boulanger's Commission has adopted for the salute to the flag a piece of music by M. Wettige, the conductor of the band of the Garde Républicaine.

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THE Berlioz cult is still being pursued in Paris. A portrait of the composer has been placed in the reading-room of the library at the Conservatoire.

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It appears that of the 170 operas and ballets performed at the Opéra in Paris since the production of "Masaniello" in February, 1848, only twenty-seven have passed the line of the hundred representation. The list includes five operas by Auber—"Masaniello," "Le Dieu et la Bayadère," "Le Philtre," "Le Serment," "Gustave III.;" four by Meyerbeer—"Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "La Prophète," "L'Africaine"; three by Halévy—"La Juive," "La Tentation," "La Reine de Chypre"; two by Rossini—"Le Comte Ory," "Guillaume Tell"; two by Donizetti—"La Favorite," "Lucia"; two by Verdi—"Il Trovatore," "Aida"; two ballets by Adam—"Giselle," "Le Diable à Quatre"; finally, Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Weber's "Der Freischütz," Marsili's "La Xacarilla," Gounod's "Faust," Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," and two ballets, "La Sylphide" and "Coppelia," by Schneidhofer and Léo Delibes. One would have expected to see "Dinorah," "Il Barbiere," "La Sonambula," and "La Traviata" in the list.

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A PARISIAN musical instrument maker recently advertised "real Sakkingen trumpets." Some German residents called to ask how Sakkingen trumpets differed from any other trumpets. "Don't you know," he said, "that the Sakkingen trumpets are so good that the makers paid the poet Scheffel to write a poem as an advertisement called 'The Trumpeter of Sakkingen,' and the composer Nessler to set it to music?"

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M. SAINT-SAËNS has written an amusing musical joke, "The Animals' Carnival." The "Aquarium," the "Aviary," and the "Cuckoo" are depicted. Among the animals are introduced the pianists.

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THE operatic singer Hellmann was walking one day round the fortifications of Ulm, studying his part in "La Dame Blanche." The vigilant sentries did not know what an operatic score was like, and marched him off as a spy!

THREE of four gaily-painted wagonettes with well-groomed horses and plated harness have lately been parading about the streets of Glasgow. In each wagonette is a board, which bears full-length portraits of "the four great singers"—Patti, Nilsson, Marie Rose, and—the Singer sewing machine.

\* \* \*

THERE is nothing new under the sun. It is pointed out in the Berlin *Allegemene Musik Zeitung* that the Paris *péra* used Rousseau in much the same way in 1754 as the Berlin *Opéra* has now used Von Bülow. For some time the management of the *Opéra* waited for Rousseau to commit himself by uncomplimentary words or gestures, and enjoined all the attendants to keep a strict watch. But Rousseau exercised a most unusual self-control. Finally, M. de Neuville met him at the door, and told him that he would not again be allowed to enter the *Opéra*-house. This was arbitrary indeed, seeing that Rousseau, as the composer of "Le Devin du Village," had, according to contract, the right of free entry to the *Opéra* all his life.

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SIXTY competitors sent in designs for the monument to Liszt at Bayreuth. The first prize of £15 was won by a Munich architect named Dollinger. The design is a Tuscan baldachin, in which is a sarcophagus of syenite marble and sandstone, with the bust of Liszt and the emblems of harmony.

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A GERMAN paper publishes some curious details with regard to the *claque* in Paris. It seems that M. Dagneaux, the late leader of the *claque* at the Comédie Française, received £24 a month on the condition that the twenty places in the pit which were placed at his disposal should be filled with well-dressed gentlemen of respectable appearance. The leader of the *claque* is bound to be present at the ten last rehearsals, and he usually stands beside or behind the author, and notes down in his memorandum book the effects which are pointed out to him by the author or the manager.

## The Norseman's Battle Song.

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*Light is breaking on the shore,  
Norsemen bend the flashing oar;  
Onward on the roaring wind,  
With kin we leave behind;  
Round the headlands towering o'er us,  
Do the deed that lies before us,  
Worthy of the land that bore us.  
Should the darkness fill mine eyes,  
I shall die—as Viking dies;  
Find me when the fight is done,  
Where the gods might claim a son.  
Bear me home,  
O'er the foam,  
In the battle-gear,  
My good ship my bier;  
Let the fire arise, and flame the day,  
Seaward gale,  
Swell the sail,  
Till the deep afar  
Shines a mighty star,  
Then right royally I pass away.  
And Valhalla's walls shall ring  
Welcome to the Warrior King.*

*Norsemen sweep upon the foe,  
Battle-axe, and brand, and bow,  
Sweep I—as when with ocean roar,  
Tempests sweep along the shore.  
Scalds shall sing the sage hoary,  
Children's children reap the glory,  
Worthy of the land that bore ye.  
"Victory!" he cried—and fell,  
But his tribe he kept full well;  
Where the foe at last gave way,  
There—in death the Viking lay.  
Bear him home,  
O'er the foam,  
In the battle-gear,  
His good ship his bier;  
Let the fire arise, and flame the day;  
Seaward gale,  
Swell the sail,  
Till the deep afar  
Shines a mighty star,  
Then right royally he'll pass away.  
And Valhalla's walls shall ring  
Welcome to the Warrior King.*

L. J. NICHOLSON.



about ten years since. She soon afterwards wisely placed herself under the tuition of Signor Sangiovanni, of Milan, and about seven years ago she made her *début* in "La Traviata" at Brescia. She sang during two seasons in Russia, and in 1883 she made her first appearance at the Grand Opera, Paris, as Marguerite in "Faust." Mr. Mapleton heard her, and in 1883 engaged her, and she has been a member of his company in America and England a most ever since.

\* \* \*

A PAPER ON "The Rise and Development of Synagogue Music" will be read by the Rev. Francis L. Cohen at the Anglo-Jewish Historical Exhibition, Royal Albert Hall, on Thursday, May 19th, at 8 p.m. The paper will be illustrated by soloists and the choir of the West London Synagogue, under the direction of Dr. C. G. Verinder.

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THE supplement to Sir George Grove's great "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" will be edited by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, and as the omissions in the body of the work are both numerous and important it is expected that this supplement will monopolise at least an additional volume of the average size. It would be interesting to know when the final volume of the original work will be issued—to say nothing of supplements.

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LORD HERSCHELL attended an Eisteddfod at Aberavon on the 11th ult. In the course of an interesting address, he spoke in terms of praise of the practical benefits of the Welsh competitions, especially the musical adjudications. It gave opportunity to those who had failed to win prizes to remedy their defects. Though he was unable to understand the language used that day, he had thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful singing, and he felt that he stood on common ground with other nationalities when listening to music's charms.

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"RUDDIGORE" does not improve on acquaintance. It is early to begin talking about changing the programme at the Savoy, but it is already being hinted that "when a change of bill is found necessary" it will take the form of "a revival of 'H.M.S. Pinafore'." Another matter in connection with the Savoy is worth noticing. Up to the present time "benefits" have been a thing unknown at this house, but it is now announced that Miss Jessie Bond is to lead the way with a benefit performance, others following as a matter of course and justice.

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THE works performed at the London Symphony Concerts during the season that recently closed comprise fifteen symphonies and eighty-one other works. Of the novelties included in the list, all save perhaps one or two of them must be placed among the catalogue of faded hopes. On the other hand, eleven out of the forty-two composers represented in the lists were Englishmen, and ten out of the twenty-three living musicians whose works were performed were natives of this country. These figures will, at any rate, tend to prove that the old prejudice against our own composers is fast dying out.

\* \* \*

THE annual sacred concert was held in the Congregational Church, Hexham, on Good Friday. There was a large audience. Farmer's oratorio, "Christ and His Soldiers," was given by a chorus of sixty voices, assisted by Miss E. Thompson (soprano), Madame Sutherland (contralto), Mr. E. J. Gibbon (tenor), and Mr. W. Lyall (bass). The performance was a great success, and both the soloists and chorus gave a first-class rendering of the work. Miss P. Hope (pianist) and Master N. W. Robson (organ) performed their duties in an admirable manner. Mr. Richard Seaton ably conducted, and great credit is due to him for the success of the performance.

\* \* \*

A NEW School of Music has been opened in Bradford, with a staff of thoroughly competent professors. The branches of study are instruction on the piano, &c., organ, violin, and violoncello, also solo singing, sight singing and theory of music, and the staff numbers the following:—Mr. H. Newbould, Miss Nichols, Mr. J. H. Clough, Signor Scuderi, Mr. Henry Smith, Mr. J. Verney Bians, and Mrs. Ter Meer. The rationale of institutions of this sort is that by concentrating pupils, and teachers on one spot, time, which is money, is saved and it is possible to afford the best instruction at rates within the reach of the great majority of musical people. We wish the venture all success. The first term commenced on the 18th ult.

\* \* \*

TWO new Jubilee Anthems. The Royal Jubilee Anthem, by Dr. J. F. Bridge, will form part of the State service in Westminster Abbey, will shortly be published by Messrs. Novello. Following the example of Weber in his "Jubel-Ouverture," and of Attwood in the anthem written for the coronation of George IV., Dr. Bridge has felicitously introduced the melody of the National Anthem. It occurs twice in the work in the accompaniment to the first part and again in the choral finale. The words of Dr. Bridge's anthem are taken from a Chronicle, ix. 8. Another "command" composition will be a "Jubilee Cantata" written by Mr. W. G. Cusins, "Master of the Musicke" to the Queen, for performance at a State concert at Buckingham Palace in June.

\* \* \*

MR. FORD, the enterprising promoter of the Leeds Coliseum Chamber and Orchestral Concerts, is already to the fore with his scheme for next season. It seems that his project for identifying popularity and high art proceeds indifferently well, and puts the faith of the promoter to the severe test of a deficit. In these circumstances most men would either cease or curtail experiment. Not so Mr. Ford. With irrepressible belief in the public, he holds that they needs must choose the highest when they see it. The point is how to get them in face of it, and that task he proposes to attempt by adding next season to

the usual series of chamber and orchestral concerts three or four more miscellaneous nature, whereby he hopes to enlarge the bounds of his constituency. He most certainly deserves to succeed.

\* \* \*

QUEEN ELIZABETH of Roumania devoted such a large amount of time to singing that her attendants latey assured her that her voice entitled her to rank with the most celebrated of singers. The flattery bore fruit, for the Queen began to ask herself if these rare vocal gifts ought not to be dedicated to her people. She determined first to have the unbiased opinion of a musical critic, and so went *incognita* to the French professor, Dumanois, and sang before him in Bucharest. The professor caused the Queen to run over the scales and then to sing a song and an opera aria. Then, turning to her, he said seriously: "You have no voice at all; though plenty of musical feeling and excellent phrasing. I would train you for the operetta, but that, to be sincere, you have not the right face!" The Queen handed the professor several gold pieces with her card, buying before she left a dozen opera airs for private study.

\* \* \*

THE Choral Society gave their fifth concert in the Town Hall on the 31st March, before a crowded audience. The first part of the programme consisted of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and the second part partook of a miscellaneous selection of songs, choruses, &c. The principals were Madame Tomsett (soprano), Miss Mimi Beebe (contralto), Mr. C. H. Welch (tenor), Mr. A. Lohmeyer (bass), and they rendered their respective parts in a praiseworthy manner. The chorus, which numbered nearly 200, rendered the parts allotted to them with good effect, and particularly the choruses from the "Messiah" in the second part—"All we like Sheep" and "The Hallelujah." The band, which consisted of twenty-two performers, under the leadership of Messrs. J. H. Beards and W. Magall, acquitted themselves admirably. They gave the "Pastoral Symphony" from the "Messiah" during the second part of the programme in splendid style. Mr. Richard Seaton performed his duties as accompanist in his usual faultless manner; and the hon. conductor of the society, Mr. James Kirkley, wielded the baton with his accustomed ability.

## New Pianoforte Studies,

By BERNHARD ALTHAUS, R.A.M.,  
Berlin and Leipzig.

### SPECIAL STUDIES FOR THE THUMB.

—o.—

#### MAJOR THUMB SCALE.

PLAY the C major scale (compass two octaves) up and down with the thumb alone, first the right, then the left thumb, in this wise: (a) Short, with the tip, the thumb standing upright on the notes; (b) With the top joint, the thumb being on its back. Curve the thumb after every note; play as short as possible.

#### CHROMATIC THUMB SCALE.

Drag the thumb up to the black notes and down on the white notes—(a) on its tip; (b) on its top joint; (c) on each side, curving it after touching each single note.

A Thumb Duet, each bar four times, with another finger.

Right hand.



Left hand.



The semibreve, or whole note, is firmly sustained\* while the thumb plays its two notes, "staccatissimo." Real value of the thumb notes:

—o—

Each bar to be practised slowly, four times. The touch must be as short as possible, and exceedingly quick and sharp. Curve or twist the thumb after touching, and draw it off the note.

Another way. Play two notes with the tip of the thumb, and keep the long note down by the pressure of the tip only (upright position).

The scale of C major, with all five fingers on their tips (upright position). Never lose sight of the inside (palm) of the hand and that of the fingers; especially see that the thumb keeps upright, straight down.

The so-called Passing of the Thumb.

Play the C major scale in the following manner: A right hand, Ascending scale only.

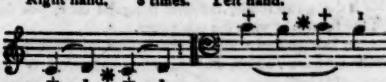
\* N.B.—It must only be put down, not sounded.

After striking the D send the thumb at once flying under the hand (without leaving the D), so as to be ready for its next note F. Do the same after striking G, so as to be ready for the next, C. Four times.

b. Left hand. Descending scale only. Do exactly the same thing—that is, pass the thumb after striking B and F.

If found very difficult you can also at first practise on two notes only. Example—

Right hand, 8 times. Left hand.



\* Here pass the thumb under the hand as quickly as possible and as far as it will go

The two notes must be played legato (smooth and connected) without any break.

After this study shake your fingers, and in doing so throw all your force on the thumb part of the hand. The thumb ought to receive the principal emphasis of the shake.

Thumb Exercise with crossed fingers.

a. Right hand.



The same fingering all throughout. The whole of this (every bar four times with a different pair of fingers) to be played straight through.

This exercise must be done with a loose wrist. The hand ought besides to move quickly to and fro, from left to right and back again, and as far away from the keys as possible, without the notes, however, getting short. Hold the hand (as much as possible) in an upright position. Press the C each time. Learn to play it quickly.

b. Left hand.

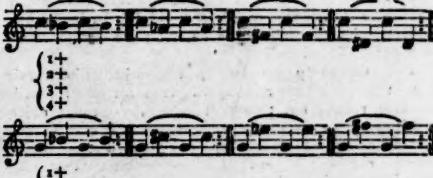


for the same style: Move from right to left.

c. On black and white notes.



Right hand. Each bar 8 times.



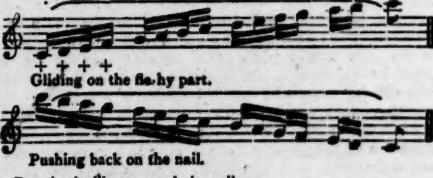
Learn also to play this quickly. But you must never allow the fingers to get really tired. On the slightest feeling of fatigue, shake the hand, press the fingers, and rest half-a-minute.

This rest does as much good as the practice itself.

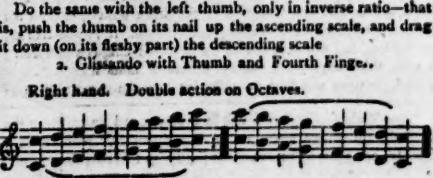
Rest is an important factor in work.

Gissando Exercises with the Thumb.

1. Drag the thumb (on its fleshy part) up the scale of C major, and push it back again on its nail (right hand).



Gliding on the fleshy part.



Pushing back on the nail.

Practice till you can do it easily.

Do the same with the left thumb, only in inverse ratio—that is, push the thumb on its nail up the ascending scale, and drag it down (on its fleshy part) the descending scale.

a. Gissando with Thumb and Fourth Finger.



Right hand. Double action on Octaves.

In this manner: Push on with the nail of the fourth finger, and at the same time drag with the fleshy part of the thumb, so that both fingers act exactly together.

This is doing two totally different things at once, one finger doing the reverse of what the other does.

Greater independence will be the reward for practising this difficult exercise, which may even be impossible for small fingers. In that case it had better be practised on sixths and thirds (C major scale, of course).

**Left Hand.**—Here, as usual, the reverse takes place. In ascending, push with the thumb nail and drag with the fourth finger. In descending, drag the thumb and push on with the fourth finger nail.

It will, of course, be necessary for all students with short fingers to keep on stretching the thumb and fourth finger after every attempt to conquer the difficulty.

A good glissando on octaves\* or sixths and thirds has a brilliant effect, besides the advantage gained in greater independence of the fingers.

The thumb is apparently a stiff, cumbersome, awkward, and lazy finger, in spite of only two joints and its independent muscles. It is fond of lying down on the key and being in the way; prone to stretch itself out at full length, away from the bustle on the keyboard; never ready when wanted, and always inclined to go to roost or retire into private life.

It ought to be well worried, bullied, bothered, and driven, twisted and turned upside down, to get rid of its lazy ways. Of course the poor old thing soon gets tired, and so it requires to be shaken many a time and oft. However, it dear loves to "play a tune" all alone by itself! It is very good at that; here its very fault (heavy weight) becomes almost a virtue to a certain extent.

For it can play full notes (awkward tied notes) very well, and fulfills such a task pretty creditably, while the other fingers have to play second fiddle in a very subdued accompaniment.

A good study is playing simple airs with the thumb alone, especially in keys with many sharps and flats. It begins to enjoy itself then, and seems quite to like playing.

The thumb is very good for pressing out and holding down a long tied note. It ought to be greatly employed for that noble purpose, because, on account of its natural laziness, it is not inclined to slip away from its note, like the third or fourth finger, those slippery creatures, which are often like little eels in that respect, always off, never on.

We must therefore take advantage of the thumb's natural vices by turning them to good account, and, on the other hand, train it to all manner of virtue, usefulness, and grace.

The next number will contain the first chapter on "Touch." Its subject will be "Silent Touch."

## Chopin's Works.

—o.—

### FIRST WORKS.—(Continued).

THIS Slavonic type predominates so much in the works of this period that they are characterised throughout by a truly particularistic nationality. They all bear a Sarmatian physiognomy. German, Franks, and Italians have each expressed in music the principal traits of their inner life, so that we can speak of German, French, or Italian music, each class differing from the other by its national peculiarities. Thus also we may recognise since the appearance of Chopin, a Polish or Slavonic nationality in music, also having its own characteristics, its own inner life, its own expressions for all the emotions of life and soul.

If we examine Op. 5, a Rondo à la Mazurka, we have again a practical proof for our assertion. It is not constructed in the usual rondo-form, it does not possess the so-called rondo-melody with the customary passages, but it is real Slavonic national music, with its peculiar melody and harmony and its peculiar rhythmical forms. Here, too, we meet with that distinguishing trait of the Slavonic character which manifests itself not only in their art and poetry, but also in their social life, yes, even in politics and in public life—namely, their incessant clinging to one single thought, the continual prosecution of the idea, the inability to abandon a particular conception or favourite inclination, the persistent pursuit of these ideas and inclinations, a revelling in one phase of emotion, and an everlasting moving about in one and the same region of thoughts. This is manifested in Chopin's work in the most characteristic manner by the frequent repetition of one and the same melodious figure which winds itself through all the keys. Yes, one and the same thought is often repeated five or six times in the same intervals without modification either of accompaniment or harmony, as, for instance, in his Impromptu Op. 29. Monotony would be the result if such a passage were rendered in the same manner whenever it appears; here the art of poetic interpretation should step in to impart to this repeated idea different aspects by manifold shades of expression, and thus to present the thought with greater emphasis.

As in conversation we raise our voices, and in the constant repetition of one thought become more and more emphatic and enthusiastic, so it is in music. And as music has at its command much greater resources than speech, it will not be hard to the true artist to give to the same phrase, every time it occurs, a different colouring by different shading, by increasing or diminishing the speed, and by dynamic changes of various kinds, thus expressing many different moods at will. A gifted virtuoso will find no difficulty in repeating a phrase if

\* See Weber's Concert-Stück in F minor, 3rd Part. Even the difficult pp octave passages in Beethoven's ("Wald-Stein") Sonata, op. 53, may be overcome partly by this exercise.

four bars a dozen times, varying the expression and the shading every time. Apart from the necessary technique, this is the first and principal qualification for anyone who wishes to play Chopin with due expression and intelligence.

Unfortunately, we hear not only privately, but often also at concerts, and, therefore, by so-called virtuosi, frequent repetitions of a passage made in the most monotonous manner, without the slightest modification in either tone or time. Everyone ought to know, after a little reflection, that such a monotonous, drawing interpretation was not the intention of the author. The indications given by Chopin are not always reliable guides, for in many works they abound, whilst in others they are only used very sparingly. Here it is the mind of the performer which must be able to enter into the intentions of the composer; and this a purely mechanical player will never be able to do. These peculiarities of Chopin, this clinging to one thought, this inability to tear himself away from one idea, and this revelling in one phase of emotion we do not praise as being great advantages of Chopin's works; on the contrary, they are blemishes in many of them. In life, as well as in art, it is necessary to be able to control oneself. It is only too easy for a man swayed by his emotions to overstep the boundary when seized by an agitating influence, as was often the case with Chopin. At first it was the grief of the homeless wanderer yearning for his beloved country, then it was the consuming misery and pain occasioned by his love for his Constance which influenced his moods. He was by nature melancholic and dissatisfied with the imperfections of his existence. All these combined to render his frame of mind unhappy, and were reflected in most of his music.

This melancholy we recognise in Op. 6, four Mazurkas, and in Op. 7, five Mazurkas. They are for the most part written in the minor key, and accompanied by many discords. That melancholy, so peculiar to the Slavonic nation, pervades them, which changes so quickly into joy and merriment, just as soon relapsing into melancholy and grief. There a smile appears amid tears, here wild Bacchanalian merriment arises for a moment; but it is joy whilst the heart is pierced by sorrow, unalloyed happiness cannot break through the clouds.

Thus Chopin gives us in his early works his own individuality, the product of his birth, education, and nationality. He is Polish in heart and soul, and his music reverberates his individual feelings and sensations. This is at the same time the source of his originality which he shows already in his first compositions. It is real Polish national music which rings out from every bar of these mazurkas. At times it would even seem as though he had only transformed and written down in an artistic manner many of the old Sarmatian folks' songs, so peculiar in their national originality.

Their construction is very simple, almost primitive. Bars often repeated in groups of two and two form sections of four and eight bars, and these periods of sixteen.

Some modern composers, who seem to think that new thoughts and ideas can only be represented in new forms, may here learn that novel and original thoughts can be expressed even in the most primitive forms. Nothing is more foolish than to ignore absolutely the arrangement of sections and periods, to write down a chaos of tones and to consider this originality, as is done by many composers, who, however, only endeavour to conceal in this manner their lack of inventive power. The mystic and the obscure are not necessarily either intellectual or beautiful. They may be new, but, unless they conform to the laws of aesthetics or to the logical laws of what is natural, they will only be regarded as abstruse. I do not wish to imply that the above-mentioned nine mazurkas by Chopin are of any special, artistic value; they are only musical trifles in a lyric shape, but they show the truth that new, original thoughts can be represented in the simplest musical forms.

There is consequently no necessity of neglecting form for the sake of producing something new. Beautiful thoughts must be clothed in beautiful and adequate forms if a standard of ideal perfection is to be obtained.

Chopin has afterwards published yet a great number of mazurkas, about forty-two, of a similar character.

(To be continued.)

## Questions and Answers.

—o.—

**ANTIQUARIAN.**—The three stages in the development of prehistoric music are the Drum stage, the Pipe stage, and the Lyre stage.

**INQUIRITIVE.**—There is no uniform price for lessons, but schools and masters are cheaper in Germany than here. Thank you for your cheerful commendation of our magazine.

**TRUTH.**—Not being prophets, we cannot foretell your musical future. We will remember your request about Beethoven's sonatas. Of course, certificates of examinations passed are of value to teachers. We will think over your suggestion.

**R. J. A.**—Complete lists of Rubinstein's numbered works is given in "Grove's Dictionary," with names of publishers. You would be able to obtain what you require from Augener's and Novello's.

**A. G.**—Chopin holds a solitary position in romantic art. No school can claim him wholly for its own, and the best poetic gifts of the French, German, and Slavonic nationalities were initiated in him. We do not think there could be any objection to your going to Leipzig. Many English girls are studying there. Write again.

**PINAFORE.**—(1) It makes us smile to think of it. (2) Blue silk is the only colour worn by Bachelors of Music in the University itself. (3) Schubert's life is all summed up in his music. No memoir of him can ever be satisfactory, because no relation can be established between his life and his music. His life as a rule was regular, even monotonous. He composed or studied habitually for six or seven hours every morning.

**R. M. WILLIAMS.**—To play a wind or stringed instrument requires a good ear. If you are troubled with headache, should not advise you to try the cornet. Consult a doctor.

**ETHEL.**—Declined. Mental exhaustion is the result of reading your "amateur lines."

**FRED J.**—There is a marked improvement in "The Viking's Grave." Your part song, however, is crude. Try again. The tenor singer you inquire about is living in London.

**MELODY.**—The consciousness of what is melody and what is not may be very plain to the performer, and yet the melody may not be clear to the listener. No passage or embellishment around a *canto* can ever be in good taste or of good effect unless they are played in subdued proportion to the melody.

**A.**—We cannot say you show a genius for poetry. We do not undertake to return MSS., although we often do so if name and address are written on them. If not, they are hopelessly lost amidst the shower of materials that comes by every post, and are cleared away weekly.

**ROSE.**—There is room for improvement in your music copying. Inquire of a music publisher. The "singing" of the music is said to be caused by a kind of bronchial disease.

**DAISY.**—Talent, being a gift, is not to be acquired by any effort of mind; at the same time, perseverance will lead further than talent, if talent be indolent.

**PEARL.**—Have you stud'd Czerny's exercises? They are very useful. There is no setting that we know of to the words of Tennyson's songs.

In consequence of pressure on space several answers are unavoidably left over for next month.

## Prize Song Competition and Plebiscite.

:o:

FOR the purpose of eliciting the expression of opinion upon songs and song craft, and also stimulating inquiry into and discussion upon the merits of the best songs of our great living song writers, we offer a lady's keyless gold watch to everyone naming

### THE THREE BEST LIVING COMPOSERS OF SONG MUSIC,

AND

### THE BEST SONG OF EACH COMPOSER.

The result of this inquiry cannot fail to be widely regarded, and interesting not only to the readers of this magazine, but also to all members of the great brotherhood of Music. Song moves all hearts, and in the making of history it has borne its part. We hope our friends will take up this competition with spirit. Those composers and songs which receive the greatest number of votes will be declared the best, and EACH COMPETITOR whose paper corresponds with the results thus ascertained will be awarded

### A GOLD WATCH.

ENGRAVING OF THE PRIZE WATCHES.



FRONT OF WATCH.

BACK OF WATCH.

### RULES.

1. The votes must be written on the VOTING PAPER given with this number, on page 2 of Cover. Only those using the voting paper provided for this purpose will be admitted to the competition.

2. Any voting paper containing erasures or alterations will be disqualified, and its votes will not be counted.

3. The voting paper must bear the name and address of the competitor, and when filled in should be addressed to the Competition Editor, 60, Old Bailey, London, E.C., and must reach him by May 9.

In consequence of pressure on our space, the articles on "Itinerant Music in a London Private Street," and "Gipsy Music" will appear next month.





MADAME MARIE SCHIPEK.

## SUBMISSION.

## SONG.

Words by  
CHAS J. J. HERBERT. ESQ<sup>RE</sup>

Music by  
HENRY KLEIN.  
*Andante.*

*Largo maestoso.*

VOICE.

ORGAN or HARMONIUM.

My darling noble sainted

one. I see, I see thy face so fair; The calm of death has come to thee, And deep and deep is my des-

pair! I speak thy name in silent night. Thy spirit hovers near, I speak thy name in silent

*a tempo*

night. Thy spirit hovers near, To soothe my wounded weeping heart, To wipe away the

*In time.*

tear. To soothe my wounded weeping heart, To wipe away to wipe away the tear.

*molto rit.*

*molto rit.*

*Quicker and Brighter.*

I will not pine I must not weep, Thou wouldst not have it

*Calmly.**Slower.*

so. Thou wouldst not have it so. I will not mar thy hap - pi - ness By mourn - ing here be - low, By

mourn - ing here be - low. We both are in His lov - ing hands, For - giving and for given. We

*Slow.**With emphasis.*

both are in His loving hands, For - giving and for - gi - ven; I'll gladly take the Pilgrims staff, I'll gladly take the

Pilgrims staff And fol - low thee to Heav'n.

## A MAY SONG.

Words by L. J. NICOLSON.  
(From the Magazine of Music May 1886.)

Music by  
GERARD. F. COBB.

**Allegretto ma non troppo.** ♩ = 108.

**PIANO.**

Song in the bright sky a -

bove ..... Song on the glad earth be - low, ..... Breezes in

rap - ture of love ..... Tempting the roses to blow ..... Voices come

COBB.

cresc.

o - ver the sea,..... Sweet as the voi - ces of yore .....

cresc.

*f con passione*

Come, oh, my love, oh, my love, un-to me..... Dwell in my heart e-ver -

poco rall.

*ad lib.*

*poco rall.*

*colla voce*

*mf*

more ..... Blossom a - new'nearth the bount - i - ful blue.....

poco rit.

*rit.*

*poco accel. e crescendo*

Dwell in my heart e-ver - more,..... Dwell in my heart e - ver - more.....

rall.

*poco accel. e crescendo*

rall.

Blossom a - new 'neath the bount - i - ful blue..... Dwell in my heart,

*cresc.* *rall. ad lib.*

Dwell in my heart E - - ver - more.....

*cresc.* *colla roca* *mf*

*cresc.* *f* *dim.*

*cresc.* *f* *K.S.*

*mf molto legato*

Robed with the beau - ty of day ..... Crown'd with the glo - ry of

*mf legato*

night ..... Flow - ers that wait by the way .....

*espressivo*

Break in - to bloom at thy sight ..... Gone the wild wind and the

rain ..... Gone the mad moan of the shore .....

EXTRA SONGS

Psalm 23

*sempre cresc.*

*con forza*

*rall.*

Come with thy bright eyes a-gain ..... Come with thy bright eyes a-gain .....

*cresc.*

*rall. ten.*

*2d.*

Dwell in my heart e-ver more ..... Blossom a-new'neath the bount-i-ful blue .....

*cresc.*

*f' passionato*

Dwell in my heart e-ver-more ..... Blossom a-new'neath the bount-i-ful blue .....

*dim.*

*cresc.*

*f' ad lib.*

Dwell in my heart, Dwell in my heart E - ver - more. .... or E - ver - more E - ver - more.

*cresc.*

*sempre colla voce*

## "Unto Thee, O Lord."

### ANTHEM.

Dr. WM. SPARK.

Psalm XXV., v. 1.

*Andante con moto.*

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top three staves are for the organ, with labels indicating stops: 'Diaps. Gt. Co. to Swell, with Oboe.' and '16 ft. Co. to Gt.'. The bottom three staves are for a choir, with labels 'Sw.', 'Sw.', and 'Gt.'. The vocal parts begin with a melodic line, followed by harmonic chords. The organ parts provide harmonic support, with one staff featuring a Bourdon 16 Co. to Ch. stop. The vocal parts sing 'Unto' and 'Ch. or Sw. Soft 8 ft.' The score is marked with dynamics like 'dim.' and 'p'.

Thee, to Thee, O . . . Lord, . will I . . . lift up, lift up my

cres.

soul. . . . My God, I have put my trust in . . .

Thee, O let me not be con - found . ed, nei - ther let mine e - ne-mies

cres. >

tri - umph o - ver me, My God, my God, I have put my

## SOPRANO.

*Olando.*

Un - to . .

trust in Thee, I have put my trust, my trust in Thee.

*pp*  
*colla voce.*

Thee, to Thee, O ... Lord, . . . will I . . . lift up, lift up my

To Thee, O ... Lord, . . . will I . . . lift up, lift up my

soul; . . . My God, I have put my trust in . . .

soul; . . . my trust in . . .

Thee, O let me not be con - found - ed, Nei - ther let mine e - ne-mies  
Thee, O let me not con - found - ed be

cres.

tri - umph o - ver me, My God, my God, I have put my  
I have put my trust in Thee, I have put my

espress. rall.

trust, my trust, I have put my trust, my trust in  
trust, my trust, I have put my trust, my trust in

colla voce.

**CHORUS.**

SOPRANO.

Thee, Un - to . . . Thee, o

ALTO.

Thee, Un - to . . . Thee, o

TENOR.

Thee, Un - to Thee, to Thee, O Lord, . . . will

BASS.

Thee, O Lord, . . . will

Lord, . . . will I lift up my soul, . . .

Lord, . . . will I lift up my soul, . . . lift

I . . . lift up, lift up my soul, . . . My

I . . . lift up, lift up my soul, . . . My

My soul un - to Thee, O let me not be con -

up my soul, O let me not be con -

God, I have put my trust in Thee, O let me not be con -

God, I have put my trust in Thee, O let me not be con -

- found - ed, nei - ther let mine e - ne - mies tri - umph

- found - ed, nei - ther let mine e - ne - mies tri - umpl

- found - ed, nei - ther let mine e - ne - mies tri - umph

- found - ed, nei - ther let mine e - ne - mies tri - umph

7

o - ver me, my . . . God, . . . my . . . God, I have put, my  
o - ver me, my God, my God, my God,  
o - ver me, my . . . God, my . . . God, I . . . have put my  
o - ver me, my God, my God, I . . . have put my

p cres. rall.  
trust in . . . Thee, I have put . . . my . . . trust, my trust in  
p cres.  
my God . . . I, I have put my . . . trust . . . in  
p cres.  
trust in Thee, I have put . . . my . . . trust, my trust in  
p cres. rall.  
trust in Thee, I have put my . . . trust in

